

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

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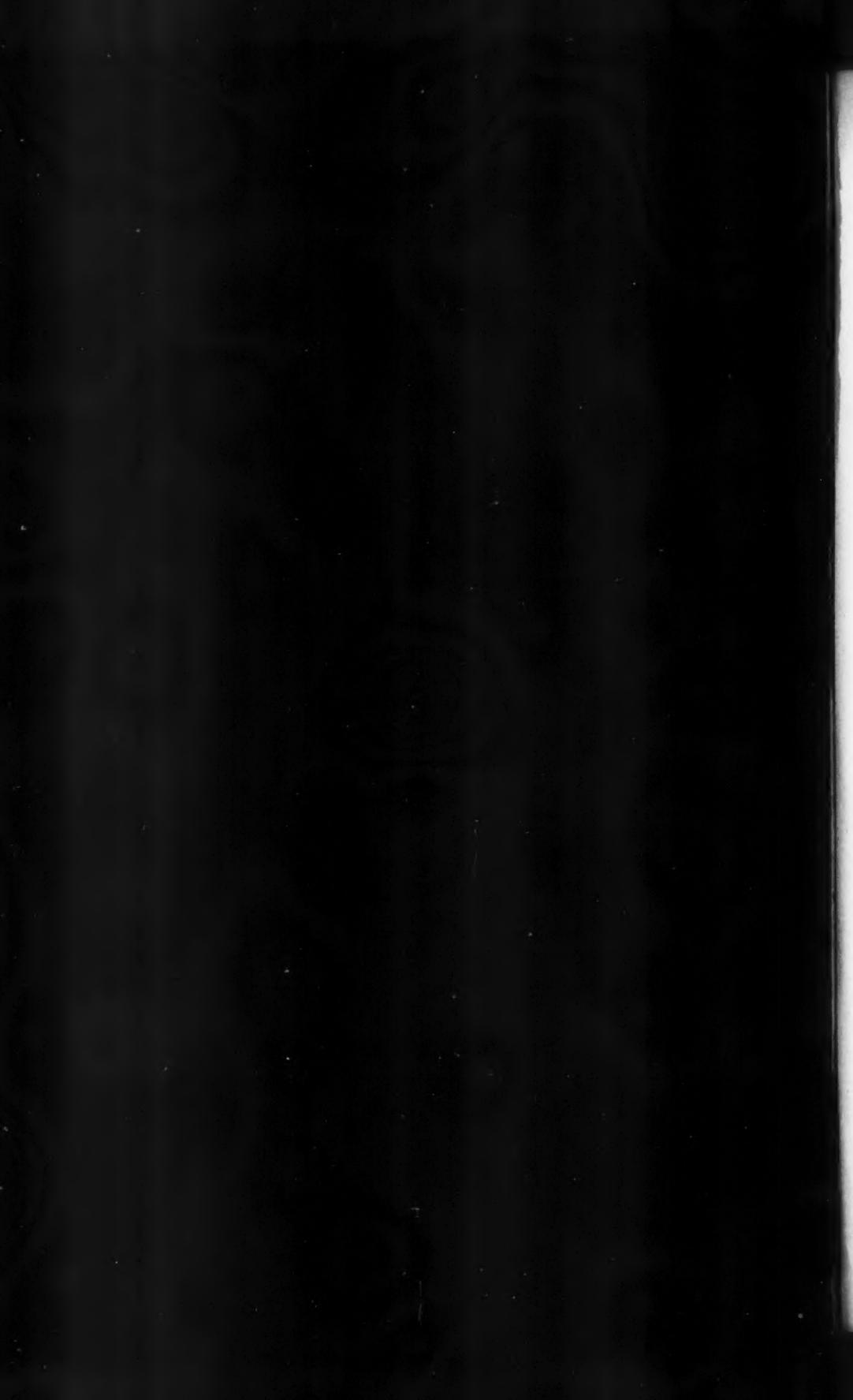
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John Wyclif, his Life and Teaching.

PART THE FOURTH.

IN attempting to trace the origin and progress of that system of heretical teaching which passes under the name of Wyclifism, I have hitherto limited my inquiries within the range of its external history, for the purpose of showing how closely it identified itself with the political movements of the period. Wyclif was quite as conspicuous a character in the House of Commons at Westminster as he was in the House of Convocation at Oxford ; and his influence made itself felt for evil no less in the one than in the other. In both he was the demagogue, the advocate of extreme measures, the leveller and the revolutionist. The novelties which he and his followers laboured with such restless activity to introduce into England had a double aim and application ; they were meant to affect not only the Church but the State also. His teaching implied a new creed, a new code of laws, a new system of morality. He attacked the political traditions which had prevailed since the earliest days of the English monarchy ; he attacked the doctrinal principles of the belief which had been established among us by its Divine Founder. Old things were to be regarded as the weak and beggarly elements of an effete superstition, and were doomed to fade away at the rising of this "Morning Star of the Reformation."

The revolutionary party, which aimed at such sweeping measures, was encouraged to persevere in its efforts by two considerations, which promised it success. The Church and the State had suffered, and were suffering from the steady developement of various hostile principles, of which the chief were the growth of Cesarism and the decline of the Papacy. The dispute between Philip the Fair, King of France, and Pope Boniface the Eighth had contributed to the promulgation of sundry theories which were fatal to Royal as well as Pontifical authority, and these principles were not allowed long to

remain dormant. Their chief advocate was the English Franciscan, William of Occam,¹ whose doctrines were echoed by Wyclif and his followers. He maintained that the Sovereign had the power, not only to tax the property of the clergy upon his own independent authority, but further to resume any grants which had been made by his ancestors to the Church, should it happen that the wants of the State so required it. He maintained, in short, that the authority of the Sovereign is supreme over the Church within his own dominions; but at the same time he held that this authority is derived from the people, who can withdraw it from their ruler if they think necessary. The same principles were applied to the Church with the same results. Occam and his school held that the Pope might become a heretic; that the Church of Rome, the entire body of the clergy, and even General Councils, might fall from the truth and teach error and falsehood. Here we recognize the source whence Wyclif drew many of his principles.

While such theories as these were tolerated in the English Court, the fact of their existence and acceptance in London could be no secret in Oxford; and that Wyclif was their advocate must have been notorious in the University. If any doubt existed upon this point, it was dispelled by his appearance in public as their exponent. Rash and arrogant as was his onslaught upon the Church, and doomed by anticipation to an ignominious overthrow, the revolutionary party—strong in the support of the State—was bold enough to hazard the experiment of a trial of strength. Wyclif began the attack with considerable skill. He advanced doctrines which, though apparently speculative rather than positive, were of such a questionable character that they roused the hostility of several members of the University. Of these supporters of the faith, one of the earliest and most influential was Doctor John Cunningham.

Cunningham stood high in public estimation at Oxford, and deservedly so. He was a man of spotless character and acknowledged scholarship, Provincial of the Order of the Carmelites, and confessor to John of Gaunt. He seems to have been

¹ So named from the village of Ockham in Surrey, where he was born. The precise date of his birth and death are uncertain. Along with Marsilius and Joannes de Janduno, he wished to make the ecclesiastical power subordinate to the royal in all matters.

Wyclif's senior, but upon this point we have no certain information. He began the discussion by attacking some of the theories which had recently been advanced by Wyclif in a *Determination upon Ideas*. My readers will thank me if I refrain from giving them any extracts from these disquisitions, for they discuss questions far too abstruse for the generality of degenerate moderns. The controversy is important chiefly from the fact that shortly afterwards (A.D. 1381) it was followed up by an open and direct attack upon the doctrine of the Eucharist, in which Wyclif maintained, among other heresies, that the Consecrated Host upon the altar is not Christ Himself, but an effectual sign of Him; that the doctrine of Transubstantiation has no ground in Scripture, and that the bread and wine remain substantially unchanged after consecration. When pressed in argument to explain his meaning more distinctly, Wyclif attempted to do so by maintaining that Christ is in the Eucharist only virtually, just as a king is in the whole of his realm. He suggested various other analogies illustrative of his meaning, some of which are so remote as to be unworthy of notice, while others are too indecent and blasphemous to be quoted. He added that the chief object of his teaching was to call the Church back from the idolatry upon the doctrine of the Eucharist in which she had now continued for many hundreds of years.

An attack so defiant and so public upon these leading doctrines of the faith could not be permitted to pass by unnoticed. Accordingly the Chancellor of the University, supported by twelve Doctors of Theology and Canon Law, condemned the two propositions in which Wyclif's tenets respecting the Eucharist had been embodied by him; and these propositions were declared to be "erroneous, opposed to the decrees of the Church, and contrary to Catholic verity." This condemnation was made known to Wyclif as he was publicly lecturing in the schools belonging to the Canons of St. Augustine. After having protested against the validity of the sentence, he appealed, not to the Pope, or the Bishop, or his ordinary, as would have been the usual and the proper course, but to the King; thereby showing his belief in the supremacy of the civil power over the ecclesiastical. Wiser heads than his own saw the danger of provoking a premature collision—the time would come presently—and they seem to have recommended a compromise. The Duke of Lancaster

came down to Oxford in person, and enjoined Wyclif to be silent upon the subject, in discussing which he had already given so much offence.² But the uncurbed spirit of the heresiarch muttered its *Non serviam*, and tried to evade the difficulties into which he had plunged himself, not by frankly and humbly admitting that he had been in error, but by drawing up a confession in which he repeated his former heresies respecting the Blessed Eucharist, and added new ones. He now affirmed that all the Doctors of the Church had erred, with the sole exception of Berengarius,³ that Satan was now unbound,⁴ and had power over the "Master of the Sentences"⁵ and all who preached the Catholic faith. He concluded his speculations by denouncing a woe upon the adulterous generation of his own day who trusted the testimony of Innocent [the Third] or Raymond [de Penna Forti] rather than that of the Gospel; and a double woe upon the apostate lips which place the latter Church before the earlier, and who say that the Sacrament is not true bread and true wine.

As was natural, this confession of Dr. Wyclif provoked considerable discussion, and many answers to it were written. The best known of these is a treatise, the work of an Augustinian named Thomas Winterton; and others were composed by monks of Durham and St. Alban's. The Church did not fail in her duty; but the results which speedily followed made it obvious to friend and foe alike that if she meant to hold her own she would have to fight for it. Wherever this firebrand made his appearance discord and division followed. "The hearers (says Walden⁶) challenged each other to battle, and schisms broke out in every town." As his office required, the Archbishop of Canterbury interposed his authority in support

² How far we have all the facts before us seems questionable. Possibly Wyclif's connection with the Court enabled him to know that he would be exposed to no real danger in disregarding the Duke's advice or command. We see that no evil result followed upon his disobedience.

³ A heretic whose doctrine on the Eucharist was condemned by Pope Nicolas the Second and by the Councils of Tours, Vercelli, and the Lateran.

⁴ Apoc. xx. 2, 3.

⁵ Peter Lombard, styled the "Master of the Sentences," was the text-book for theology which was generally used in the schools until the appearance of the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas of Aquin. To condemn him was to condemn the accredited teaching of the Church.

⁶ The work to which I here refer is the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum magistri Johannis Wyclif cum tritico*, edited by the Rev. W. W. Shirley, M.A. London, 1858, 8vo. The edition is edited with care and learning from the unique MS. in the Bodleian Library, and is entitled to respectful notice.

of the public peace. The letter which he wrote to Dr. Peter Stokys, a Carmelite, is extant, and furnishes us with a trustworthy account of the condition of affairs within the University of Oxford as they existed towards the middle of the year 1382. Having heard that many unlicensed preachers were spreading heresies throughout his province, "hurtful to the state of the entire Church and the quiet of the realm, thereby causing men to leave the Catholic faith, out of which there is no salvation," the Archbishop charged Stokys to prohibit the teaching of certain erroneous propositions within the University, which he then proceeds to specify in detail. They were ten in number. Three related to the Eucharist, and repeated the heresies and errors already specified. Of the others, one affirmed that when a bishop or priest is in mortal sin, he can neither ordain, nor consecrate, nor baptize. The others taught that if a penitent were truly contrite, confession is useless; that Christ did not appoint the Mass; that God should obey the devil; that if a Pope were a bad man, he has no power over faithful Christians, except (possibly) such power as he may have received from the devil; that there should be no Pope after Urban the Sixth, but that every Church should be governed by its own laws; with others too numerous to be specified.

At one of the Congregations which met in London to consider the above heretical opinions occurred an incident which led to serious results. Three graduates of Oxford having refused to join in the condemnation of these articles, were cited by the Archbishop to give an account of their opinions. Of these one, named Aston, was condemned; the other two, Hereford and Repingdon, refusing to appear in court, were declared to be contumacious, and were accordingly excommunicated.

The controversy was not yet ended. In the same year the Orders of the Friars Preachers and Minors, the Augustinians and the Carmelites, all of whom had houses in Oxford, addressed a joint letter to John, King of Castille and Leon, and Duke of Lancaster, in which they detailed the grievances to which they were exposed by the calumnies of Wyclif and his followers. Of these Wyclites, one of the most active and mischievous was Doctor Nicolas Hereford; and they requested that this individual might be summoned to London, there to give an account of his conduct.

No reply having been vouchsafed to this letter, the revolutionary party was encouraged to persevere in the

course upon which it had now entered. Hereford had his revenge. Walden refers to a sermon preached by this personage upon the feast of the Ascension, "in which he excited the people to insurrection, and excused and defended Wyclif;" but respecting which he gives us no further information. Fortunately, however, a full and authenticated abstract of this remarkable discourse has been preserved in one of the Bodleian manuscripts,⁷ for a reference to which I am indebted to the kindness of Professor Arnold, the learned editor of the Oxford edition of Wyclif's English writings. As this sermon has never been printed, I gladly embrace this opportunity of laying before the reader an outline of its contents, which are valuable as offering a genuine specimen of the length to which the more advanced followers of Wyclifism were prepared to carry their theories. We should not forget that as Hereford addressed the people in their mother-tongue, much of the quaintness and power of the original must have been lost in its translation into the Latin form in which alone it has come down to us.

Hereford's sermon was delivered on May 15, 1382 (being Ascension Day), at the Cross in the Churchyard of St. Frideswide's Church in Oxford. As might have been expected, there was a large congregation. The Chancellor and other dignitaries of the University of course were there in their official capacity; and the mob of the town and outskirts were not absent. Some came led thither by their sympathy with the known sentiments of the speaker; some came to express their opposition to his teaching; while many others were drawn by curiosity and the hope that they might be so fortunate as to witness a collision between the rival parties.

Dr. Hereford stood up and began to speak. After a few introductory remarks upon the great event of the day, the preacher expressed himself somewhat to the following effect :

"Although [said he] the attack made by St. Richard⁸ upon the begging friars—in which I follow him to-day—may seem to have produced little or no effect during his life, yet I am persuaded that at the present moment he is making earnest intercession with God for me, and for all who are fellow-workers

⁷ MS. Bodl. 840, p. 848.

⁸ By St. Richard is doubtless meant Richard Fitz-Ralph, Archbishop of Armagh, whose antipathy to the mendicant orders of friars has already been referred to.

along with me in the object which binds us together. He and the whole court of Heaven along with him, cry out against our opponents.⁹ We ought to love the whole community more than we love any single individual within it. All that I am doing springs from my zeal for the commons, for whom I am prepared to suffer all things."

Then followed an attack upon the prevailing vices of the day ; and first of all upon the gluttony and unclean lives of the laity. But these were speedily dismissed, and the speaker found a more congenial subject on which to dilate when he proceeded to enlarge upon the evil lives of the secular clergy, as well prelates as curates, whom he taxes with trafficking in benefices and other spiritual commodities.

Then came the turn of the regulars. Of the canons and monks and such as held property, many, said he, had acquired it unjustly. They have got hold of lands and farms by their perjury, by cheating, treachery, and fraud. They hold them by a false title, consequently they are thieves and robbers, and the followers of Judas who betrayed Christ. They violate the intentions of the men who founded the community to which they belong. They delight to be called lords, and to ride about on gaily caparisoned horses. They engage in worldly pursuits, and are keen and far-sighted in the ways of the world. "I assert [said he] without fear of contradiction, that there is not a single large abbey in the whole of England which is clean-handed in this matter. Such men are thieves and robbers ; for everything that they possess, over and above that which is absolutely necessary for their food and clothing, is the property of the poor."

The language was plain, and plainly counselled pillage, riot, and insurrection ; but he was even yet more outspoken when he expressed his opinions about the mendicant orders, of which, be it remembered, there were several large communities at the time in Oxford. "These men [said Hereford] love temporal things more than spiritual ; for when they go a begging they ask you to give them nothing better than the things of this present life. They never have enough, give them what you will. The poverty of the poor man is no security to him from their importunity. It is folly to give them any alms. But of all fools the greatest is the man who gives a yearly stipend to a friar to pray

⁹ It is significant that in the Bidding Prayer, which followed in the sermon, the preacher made no special mention of the Pope, as was customary.

for him ! By so doing you convert the one Mediator between God and you into an enemy; you turn a friend into a foe. Sometimes one of these same friars becomes a graduate, a Master of Arts for instance, or a Bachelor. So much the worse for you ; for it makes him all the more pressing for alms. 'Look at me,' says one of these fellows, 'I am now a Bachelor, and my wants are greater than the wants of other men. I must have wherewithal to support my position.' And the higher the degree the higher the price you have to pay. They are not masters of theology, they are masters of vanity, wicked children, lurdens and losels. They come to the University merely for the purpose of taking a secular degree, hoping thereby to pick up some worldly honour, things contrary to their vow and profession. Hereby they prove themselves to be plain apostates. Of all men in the realm these begging friars [said he] are the most burdensome to it ; and therefore they are the greatest disturbers of its peace. I am safe in telling you that it never will be well with England as long as they are suffered to remain within it. The only way to humble them is to take their possessions from them. They will never be worth anything until you have stopped them from begging." And then, stretching out his arms, the preacher exclaimed : "I entreat you to do this, all of you who are here assembled, clerks and laymen ; I entreat each and all of you, for the sake of Him who died upon the Cross, to do your best to carry this measure into effect."

The remainder of Hereford's harangue was in a tone somewhat less excited ; but the spirit was no less bitter, and the sentiments no less revolutionary. "The men of whom I am speaking (said this mischievous demagogue) build lofty houses and stately churches, which are things expressly forbidden by their Rule. If the king and the realm would strip them of these possessions and thus deprive them of their superfluous wealth, as they ought to do, there would be no need for his Majesty to plunder the poor commons of the realm by taxes, as now is the custom. But woe and alas ! he has no officers who will carry out this act of justice. And since there are none whose special office and function it is to do this work, it devolves upon you, O faithful Christians ! to put forth your hands and carry this work to its due conclusion. And then it is my assured hope that all will prosper with us, for right well do I know that this is the will of the Almighty God Himself, and that so it ought to be."

Whether the sermon had come to its intended conclusion at this point, or whether it was here interrupted by the Chancellor and his assessors, does not appear. But the services of a notary public, who had been in attendance from the beginning, were here put into requisition, and an instrument was drawn up and duly executed, a copy of which forms the basis of the preceding narrative.

Irregular and turbulent as was this meeting, lawless and revolutionary as were the sentiments which were expressed in it, we are justified in accepting it as clearly and fairly exhibiting the doctrines and the spirit of Wyclif. But the Rector of Lutterworth would not have spoken so loudly and distinctly as did Dr. Nicolas Hereford. He would have concealed his meaning under dubious phrases, and would have been careful to reserve for himself some quiet postern-door by which to escape. We are all the more grateful therefore to his honest but indiscreet disciple for his sermon at Oxford, for it enables us better to understand the doctrines of his master than the master himself would have had the courage to express them.

This aggression upon the rights of the Church received a great accession of strength from the time when it became popularized by the agency of such men as the Oxford Wyclifites, of whom Hereford was one of the most conspicuous. But there were many others in the University who were of the same way of thinking, and were no less bold in giving utterance to their opinions. The history of another of these missionaries of Wyclifism is worthy of being here chronicled. Walden¹⁰ mentions a canon of Leicester named Philip Repingdon, who, from the time that he had taken his doctor's degree, boldly preached heresy on the doctrine of the Sacrament of the Altar, having previously concealed his opinions under the cloak of a winning modesty and humility. Yet he was appointed by the Chancellor of the University (Robert Rugge) to preach at St. Frideswide's Cross on the festival of Corpus Christi; and a repetition of the utterances which had occasioned so much scandal on the previous Ascension Day being anticipated on the present occasion, the Archbishop of Canterbury ordered the Chancellor to cause the Acts of the synod which had condemned Wyclif to be publicly read in the hearing of Repingdon, as a caution to him before he began his sermon. At the same time the Archbishop took the opportunity of rebuking the Chancellor for having

¹⁰ Walden, p. 296.

intrusted a man who had already gained such an evil name as Hereford had earned for himself with the privilege of uttering his opinions upon one of the greatest solemnities of the Church. The offended Chancellor stood upon the dignity of his position ; "neither archbishop, nor bishop, had any authority over the University," said he, "even in the matter of heresy." Apparently he was favourably inclined towards Wyclif, certainly he played a double part. He promised that he would assist at the reading of the document enjoined by the Archbishop, but he hired about a hundred men in armour who came with drawn swords ready to slaughter the unhappy Carmelite upon whom had devolved the hazardous duty of reading the decrees of the synod. Attended by his proctors and the mayor of the city, along with various others of kindred sentiments, the Chancellor was present at Repingdon's sermon. Unfortunately no copy of this discourse has reached us,¹¹ but it seems to have equalled that of Hereford's by its violence and audacity. He exhorted the people to rise and plunder the churches, he said that the temporal lords ought to be named in the Bidding Prayer before the Pope and the Bishops, he defended Wyclif through thick and thin, and spoke in railing terms of many classes of men and several individuals. He declared that the Duke of Lancaster took the matter much to heart, and that he would defend all the Lollards, whom he called holy priests. When the sermon was ended, the preacher, attended by twenty men, who wore armour under their clothes, entered for a space into St. Frideswide's Church. The Chancellor waited for him at the door, and when he and Repingdon met they walked away together, laughing. The Lollards in the crowd were delighted at the victory which they had gained.

The Church hastened to vindicate her insulted authority. The Chancellor and his supporters were summoned by the Archbishop to appear before him at Lambeth, there to give an explanation of their riotous proceedings. The evidence against them being conclusive, they were found guilty upon several counts. It was proved that they had favoured Wyclif and his adherents, and they had no further defence ; whereupon a new set of Articles, more stringent than the former, were handed to the Chancellor for publication. In reply he urged that he did not dare to read them in Oxford, where his life would be

¹¹ A report upon it was drawn up, however, at the time by a notary public, of which it was intended that a copy should be inserted by Walden in his *Fasciculus* (see p. 300). But it does not appear in that volume.

endangered were he to do so. The Archbishop, unable to exercise any further jurisdiction over the authorities of the University, had no other remedy than to transfer the case to the civil courts, by whom two monitory writs were addressed to Dr. Rugge and the proctors. Hereupon Repingdon and Hereford were suspended. They lost no time in laying their case before their patron the Duke of Lancaster, urging that the condemnation of the articles which had been pronounced to be heretical by the bishops, would lead to the weakening of the temporal power. The Duke appeared at first inclined to take their part; but when he understood what were their real opinions on the Sacrament of the Altar, his sentiments towards them changed, "and he held them in abomination ever afterwards." He referred them back to the Archbishop, and dismissed them from his presence.

Failing in their attempt upon the Duke, Hereford and Repingdon in their defence, and by the Archbishop's permission, laid before him a series of twenty-four conclusions, which upon examination were found to be no less objectionable than their former statements had been. They maintained their opinions with the same pertinacity for which their conduct had been so conspicuous. Here the history of these two Oxford doctors vanishes out of sight, for at this point Walden's narrative is interrupted and passes on to other matters.

I have entered at some length into these details as furnishing the best illustration which we possess of the progress which Wyclif's doctrines were making in England during his lifetime. If such proceedings as these could take place in the University of Oxford, it is reasonable to suppose that the progress of these new opinions must have been yet more rapid in quarters where the authority of the Church was less dominant than in this, the supposed stronghold of orthodoxy. And the instances which Walden has here recorded are followed by others which continue in almost unbroken succession from the time of Richard the Second to that of Henry the Eighth. A more careful inspection of the Episcopal Registers throughout the country would most probably reveal numerous instances of heretical gravity, of the existence of which at the present moment we know nothing. We know enough, however, to authorize the belief that the descent of Wyclifism can be traced from its author until it was revived, remodelled, and adapted to their immediate wants by such men as Hus and Zwingli in Switzerland, Luther in

Germany, Calvin in France, Cranmer in England, and Knox in Scotland. Each of these heretics drew largely from the polluted fountain which was opened out by the arch-heretic of Lutterworth, and there is scarcely a point in which they dissent from the teaching of the Catholic Church which cannot be traced back to the pages of John Wyclif.

Such being the case, how are we to explain the long interval which elapsed between the age of Wyclif and that of Luther? Why should it be necessary that Wyclifism should go through a period of incubation amounting to about a century and a half, before it reappeared under slightly modified forms in the various individuals whom we call the Reformers?

In answer to these questions I venture to express my conviction that nothing but a succession of accidental events prevented the outbreak from having occurred very shortly after the death of Wyclif. The nation was ripe for it, and had the attempt been made by an exponent adequate to the effort, it probably would have been successful. But none such having presented himself, all remained in a state of unquiet anticipation of an event which could not be far distant.

The House of Lancaster during the reign of Henry the Fourth had enough to do to retain its seat upon a tottering throne, and did not dare to estrange from itself the support which it derived from the bishops and the clergy. The energy of the nation was engrossed under Henry the Fifth in the prosecution of his mad scheme of the conquest of France; and the mental infirmities of his feeble son and successor more than explain his quiescence. The Wars of the Roses occupied the thoughts of the King and the people under Edward the Fourth. During the reign of Henry the Seventh the one ruling idea of the Sovereign was the security of the sceptre for the family of Tudor. It was not until the middle of that of the Eighth Henry that the King and the people were in a position to take up the question of the *Regale* and the *Pontificale* at the point at which Wyclif had left it. And even then a powerful stimulus was wanted, and it was presented to the King in the person of Anne Boleyn. The spirit of pride and ambition, of lust and avarice, were summoned, and each and all obeyed the invitation. They were but fulfilling the work which Wyclif had given them to do, and the Protestant Reformation is the record of their success.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

Greater Britain and Greater Ireland.¹

PROFESSOR SEELEY's Lectures on the Expansion of England will well repay a careful perusal of the general reader. Their author is one who evidently has a full grasp of his subject, which he treats in a masterly way, as a philosophical historian, with lucid order, scientific analysis, and thoughtful comprehensiveness. His language and style are natural and simple, and at the same time vigorous and clear. The spirit in which he writes is temperate and impartial.

The object of the present notice is not to review these Lectures as a whole, but to call attention to a single point: and we say that interesting, original, instructive, true in the main, as may be the Professor's summing up of England's history during the past three centuries, and the forecast he gives of England's future, under the formula of her expansion into Greater Britain—there is one great flaw in his treatment of the subject, especially in what regards England's more recent expansion, and his augury for her future, which is that he leaves Ireland wholly out of consideration. This omission we conceive to be a great mistake, going far in the judgment of many, and it may be justly, to detract from the correctness of his premisses, the force of his argument, and the probable truth of his conclusions. To appreciate adequately this censure, it would be necessary to study carefully the Lectures; but as some of the readers of *THE MONTH* will not perhaps see the book, it may be well here to make a digression, and to state concisely their main thesis and argument. This for the most part we shall do in the author's own words.

The question raised is: What is the general drift or goal to which England as a State has been advancing during recent centuries, and what may we augur for her future? And the

¹ *The Expansion of England.* Two Courses of Lectures by J. R. Seeley, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, &c. &c. London: Macmillan and Co., 1883.

Professor shows that the tendency in English history for some well-nigh three hundred years has been towards the creation of a world-state, and laying the foundations of a Greater Britain, by the diffusion of the English race and the expansion of the English State into other countries of the globe.

The New World, suddenly laid open by Vasco da Gama and Columbus, had more than any other event the effect of controlling European affairs and of ruling and shaping the politics of the Western States of Europe, as well as of acting upon the several European communities, influencing their aims, modifying their occupations, developing their resources, altering their industrial and economical character, and transforming them severally from what they were formerly in mediaeval times to their modern condition and rank.

In recent centuries the great struggle of the Western States of Europe has been for the possession of the New World. This has been the centre around which successively ranged their wars, and the focus to which their political aims more or less directly converged. The five States engaged in this struggle are Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, and England. Among these Spain and Portugal had the start by a whole century: Holland was in the field before England. There was once a Greater Spain, a Greater Portugal, a Greater France, and a Greater Holland, as well as a Greater Britain; but from various causes these four Empires have either perished or have become insignificant; and England is now the only considerable survivor of a family of great world-empires which arose out of the contact of the Western States of Europe with the New World, and she alone remains in possession of a vast and commanding colonial power.

The great central fact in this chapter of England's history is that she has had at different times two such empires. A hundred years ago, she had another set of colonies which had already a population of three millions. These colonies broke away, and formed a federal State of which the population has in a century multiplied more than sixteen-fold, and is now equal to that of the mother-country and its colonies taken together, and greater than every European State except Russia.

But so decided is the drift of England's destiny towards the occupation of the New World, that after she had created one Empire and lost it, she finds herself possessed of a second.

Excluding certain small possessions which are chiefly of the

nature of naval or military stations, this second Empire of Greater Britain consists, besides the United Kingdom, of four great groups of territory, inhabited either chiefly or to a large extent by Englishmen, and subject to the Crown, and a fifth great territory also subject to the Crown, and ruled by English officials, but inhabited by a completely foreign race. The first four are the Dominion of Canada, the West Indian Islands (among which may be included some territories on the continent of Central and Southern America), the mass of South African possessions, and fourthly the Australian group including New Zealand. The dependency is India.

The four groups have a population of about ten millions of English subjects, of European and mainly English blood. The total population of the great dependency of India, and of the native States which look to England as the paramount Power, is about two hundred and fifty-five millions.

In any inquiry into Greater Britain and its future, much more account must be taken of our Colonial than of our Indian Empire.

Now the question is: What is to become of this second Empire? Will it go the way of the first? Is the expansion of England but a transient development like the expansion of Spain? Will there be another great disruption, and will Canada and Australia become independent States? Or will the opposite of this happen, and will Greater Britain rise to a higher form of organization, and her world-spread nation and State live in the future as a moral unity? Will the English race, which is divided by so many oceans, making a full use of modern scientific inventions, devise some organization like that of the United States, under which full liberty and solid union may be reconciled with unbounded territorial extension?

In dealing with this question, the Professor goes on to show that because of the breaking up of the older world-states, or the loss of our first colonial Empire, we are not therefore to foredoom this second Greater Britain; since the more modern colonization, in its whole system and theory, is entirely different from what it was formerly; the guiding principles and constituent elements of colonies are wholly changed, so that the conditions under which they held of old to the mother-States, and which ultimately led to their disruption, are now removed.

Those former world-empires were but artificial fabrics, bound together by, so to say, mechanical ties; wanting organic unity

and life, and consequently they were short-lived and doomed to fall to pieces. Whereas the foundations of a second Greater Britain have been laid under entirely changed circumstances and conditions.

The United States have been the first to give to the world the example of a federal organization in which vast territories, some of them thinly peopled and newly settled, may be held in solid union, and the fullest parliamentary freedom with older communities, whilst from these a constant stream of emigration is being thrown off into the more remote settlements, for the common interest of the whole State.

Distance, moreover, formerly so grave an impediment to a Greater Britain, is so no longer, since science has given to the political organism a new circulation, which is steam, and a new nervous system, which is electricity.

Again, the most striking characteristic of Greater Britain, as contrasted with former world-states—and an element of the utmost importance for its future permanent strength and union—is, that this Greater Britain is an extension not merely of the English State, but also of the English nationality. An extension of the State without an extension of nationality may indeed increase political power, but it becomes precarious and artificial. Colonies, where this obtains, are regarded not as part of the nation-state, but as possessions belonging to it, and are held to it by considerations of profit and loss; whereas the tie which unites a nation to its colonies by the extension of its nationality is one of the natural order, full of strength, and analogous to the family bond.

The chief forces (says the Professor) which hold a community permanently together and cause it to constitute one State, are three—common nationality, common religion, and common interest; and when it is argued that Greater Britain is a union that will not last long, and will soon fall to pieces, the ground taken is, that it wants the third of these binding forces, that it is not held together by community of interest. Of this allegation he maintains the contrary. With regard to ethnological unity, he asserts the general proposition to be true, that as for all purposes the people of Great Britain and Ireland feel themselves to be but one nation, so, notwithstanding considerable abatements, Greater Britain is homogeneous in nationality. As to there being one common religion at home and abroad, he appears to take this as a self-evident fact, about which nothing need be said, and no question raised.

Hence he is disposed to take a favourable forecast of the future stability of Greater Britain, provided that wise legislation and provident State policy shape well the materials in present use, and build solidly on the foundations already laid.

Here our somewhat lengthened explanation ends, and we return to our particular point.

We have no desire, and it would be beside our purpose, to dispute either the truth of Professor Seeley's premisses, or the justness of his conclusions. The three constituent elements of union he adduces may exist in force and combination sufficient for all the purposes of his case to render the permanence of Greater Britain very probable in the future. This we do not presume to question. But what we remark as very strange in his argument is, that whilst he considers with so great impartiality the *pros* and *cons*, carefully sifting and weighing all the various elements and forces that make for or against a world-state's permanent union and strength on the one hand, and its weakness and disruption on the other—it is strange, we say, that in his application of all this to Greater Britain, he should pass over Ireland in utter silence, and leave her entirely out of account. This is the more strange, both because Ireland has borne so large a part, through the emigration of her people, in England's expansion during the present century, and also because, whatever abatement might have to be made in the complete internal union of the British Isles, must confessedly on all hands be laid down to the head of Ireland: in so far as many of the very same conditions of union between home-states and their colonies, which, according to the Professor's showing, were sources of weakness, leading ultimately to the dissolution of former world-empires, are rightly or wrongly, but with much prominent notoriety in recent years, alleged to exist here at home in the relations between Ireland and England.

It was perhaps on this very account that Professor Seeley thought it well not to bring a topic so burning, and ripe with all the vexed politics of the day, within the calm precincts of the Academic Lecture Hall; or in his opinion Ireland did not weigh importantly enough in England's history and prospects for separate and particular mention or discussion. In any case, and for whatever reason, he omits all thought and account of Ireland, pointedly ignores and avoids all question of her, and this clearly he appears to do of studious and set purpose.

We shall illustrate the foregoing remarks from several passages in his lectures.

He says: "In the way of internal disturbance all that we find between 1688 and 1815, are two abortive Jacobite insurrections in 1715 and 1745."² He makes no allusion to the Irish insurrection of 1798, as though this were no internal and domestic disturbance for England at all. And yet later on³ he speaks of this event as a "terrible rebellion," when, with somewhat of apparent inadvertence, he contemplates Ireland as a source of probable strength to England's enemy, and consequently of weakness and danger to herself.

Again: in speaking of "the constant stream of emigration at present to the United States of America,"⁴ he seems to go out of his way to illustrate this, not by what is the more obvious and striking, viz., the emigration from Ireland, but by that from Germany. To the much greater and more remarkable emigration thither, which intimately concerns his "England," viz., that from Ireland, he never once alludes throughout his Lectures; though the matter he treats of would seem naturally to call for its discussion. In like manner,⁵ when referring to emigration from these countries, he chooses to contemplate emigrants from England only; though the greater number, perhaps, every year, and certainly immensely the greater number proportionally each year, and the whole aggregate absolutely in recent decades, are from Ireland. The number of Irish emigrants from 1851 to 1881 amounted to nearly three millions.

Many other passages might be adduced in proof of the Professor's emphatic silence with regard to Ireland.

It is quite true indeed that technically he includes Ireland in that England, which he describes as "an island off the north-western coast of Europe, with an area of 120,000 square miles, and a population of thirty odd millions;"⁶ and that he passes off what some would call his assumption as though it were a truism, that Ireland, equally with Scotland and Wales, holds together in union with England "by common nationality, common religion, and common interest."⁷ Whereas, in the opinion of far the larger portion of the Irish people themselves, the two first of these ties are certainly wanting, if not the third also. With regard to common religion, it is notorious on the

² P. 20.

³ P. 33.

⁴ P. 42.

⁵ P. 60.

⁶ P. 158.

⁷ P. 50.

one hand, that England, Scotland, and Wales are Protestant, and Ireland Catholic; whilst it is very clear on the other that in the Professor's judgment these are two distinct and antagonistic religions, whose mutual rivalry equally with that of two distinct nationalities, is a source of weakness and disunion to a State; which he instances⁸ by the case of Canada, with its "Frenchmen and Catholics," and its "English and Protestants."

As to common nationality, according to their own thinking, "the inhabitants (of Ireland) are not in the main of the same nation as those of the dominant country, but distinct from it,"⁹ and hence, according to the Professor's reasoning, being "a subject or rival nationality, they cannot be perfectly assimilated, but must remain as a permanent case of weakness and danger."¹⁰ This is very much the general impression of Englishmen also.

A large proportion of the Irish themselves regard "the tie which holds together (Ireland and England) as parts of a nation-state, as an artificial one, composed of considerations of profit and loss, and not analogous to the family bond."¹¹ They feel that Ireland is not and never can be "to England as Kent or Cornwall," but for all practical purposes is rather "an estate which is to be worked for the benefit of England."¹² They would say, too, that Ireland is that country pre-eminently, whence—though he might not confess to it—the Professor borrowed his comparison of the alien "absentee landlord who takes no further interest in his tenants,—still, though he gives nothing else, he at least gives the use of land, which is really his own, making at the same time a perpetual mortgage on their industry."¹³

We have culled the foregoing from among many passages in which the Professor describes the artificial conditions under which world-states formerly held together, and we have applied them *mutatis mutandis* to the relations so often alleged to exist here at home between England and Ireland. If a careful reckoning is taken of abatements that must be made to thorough unity and cohesion in Greater Britain abroad, it is unreasonable to pass over in silence whatever such abatements may be found in the nation-state at home, since its unity and strength ought, one would think, to be the foundation and test of the whole idea of Greater Britain as a moral unity and of the forecast of its future permanence.

⁸ P. 47.

⁹ P. 43.

¹² P. 65.

¹⁰ P. 46.

¹³ P. 69.

¹¹ P. 63.

Why absolutely ignore as beneath notice what all the world beside talks of as discordant elements in the United Kingdom? Their outcome, *viz.*, the agitation of the last few years especially, has at any rate been influential enough to shape in great measure the course of English politics, to alter more and more the face and procedure of Parliament, and increasingly to modify or change the views of statesmen, as well as of large masses of Englishmen, not only on what regards Ireland, but on many social and domestic questions in England also. The same prominence may be asserted for the Irish question as the Professor records, though for another reason, of the American in the eighteenth century.¹⁴ "You would think that it was in Parliament that the Revolution took place. America is the great question of the Rockingham Cabinet, then later of the North Cabinet. The final loss of America is considered very important, because it brings down the North Cabinet."

May not this Irish question have somewhat of the same *pregnancy* that the Professor attributes to that of America?

We should have thought—considering the relation Ireland bears to the rest of the nation-state at home, and with its expansion through emigration abroad; considering too the prominence in which the whole question of Ireland is now placed—that it was part of his subject, as a philosophical historian, to take the question of that country into account. He might show, indeed, that it did not really affect his thesis or inferences, that it was exaggerated, superficial, ephemeral, unimportant, or what not; but it was hardly a matter to be ignored and avoided altogether. Since, if in a nation-state at home there is an element of disturbance threatening to affect its domestic unity, or the correlation of its parts, still more so perhaps would this have force abroad. And if there is a Greater Britain, there exists also a Greater Ireland, in which for the most part all the influential antipathies to England are multiplied and intensified.

Professor Seeley leaves it unnoticed, but a historian who treats of Greater Britain should not shrink from reckoning with Greater Ireland. Nor should he overlook the remarkable fact, or phenomenon we might call it, that this Greater Ireland is not only in full proportion co-extensive with England's expansion, but also that, greatly exceeding all due proportion, it extends beyond the limits of England's Empire, peopling and

strengthening a foreign State, in which it is growing more and more into power: that this Greater Ireland abroad still holds itself intimately united by the ties of a common nationality, a common religion, and common interests with Ireland at home, as distinct from England; whilst its opposition to England is deepened and intensified through the circumstances which brought about the enforced expatriation of so many of its people, as well as by the education and experience they have obtained in their adopted country.

Applying once more some words from the Lectures,¹⁵ the emigrants from Ireland have in one sense "carried their gods with them," whilst in another sense equally true they have "left them at home;" but that home is emphatically Ireland as distinct from England: and "they are in such circumstances as readily to find the courage, if only they have the opportunity, to stand out as state-builders, and the willing heart to sever themselves from English history, traditions, and memories, since undeniably England is a name which possesses for them sadly little attractive power." Whilst on the other hand their heart's affections cling fondly to the history, traditions, and memories of that island where their fathers lived for thousands of years; and Ireland is for them a name to which absence seems to lend even still more influence and charm.

According to the testimony of most of the Irish themselves, all those exceptional circumstances which Professor Seeley alleges as leading to the separation from England of its first American colonies have, *mutatis mutandis*, force in the case of Ireland and her emigrants.¹⁶

Events appear more and more to show to many thoughtful minds that in the long run England's future will be shaped and worked out in great measure, whether for good or evil, through Ireland, and that hence, proportionally, the prospects of Greater Britain depend, whether for good or evil, on the future of Greater Ireland.

Indications, moreover, are not wanting that the whole question of England's Colonial Empire will ere long be brought into greater prominence, and that the subject of its more complete unification must be practically dealt with.

An influential conference, as our readers will remember, was recently held in London, at which, besides many Peers, Members of Parliament, Officials and ex-officials of 'all political

¹⁵ P. 155. ¹⁶ Pp. 151, seq.

parties, were present the High Commissioner of Canada, the Agents-General of New South Wales, New Zealand, and the Cape, the Premier of Ontario, and many others interested in the subject and connected with the Colonies. The question, as the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., who presided, said, was now not: Is it well to keep our Colonies? but, How shall we keep our Colonies? The meeting unanimously passed the resolution: "That the political relations between Great Britain and her Colonies must inevitably lead to ultimate federation, or to disintegration, and that in order to avert the latter, and to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, some form of federation is indispensable." At the same time a provisional Committee was formed for the organization of a society by which schemes of federation may be considered.

Again, the action taken of late by the Australian Colonies, with regard to the annexation of New Guinea and other islands, is very significant, together with their adoption of the Sydney resolutions on the subject of federation.

It is evident, moreover, that the whole question is beginning to enter into an entirely new phase, and to wear another aspect than that simply of the correlation of England to her Colonies. Already it is assuming larger proportions, and taking its place among world-wide politics, for there are manifest signs of late that other European States are practically considering it. France and Germany are showing more than aspirations for their expansion also, and have been each of them recently taking new departures in the way of colonization and extension abroad, which must necessarily affect our own colonial policy.

And here we simply ask the question: In this vast matter of Imperial federation, which can be nothing less than the re-organization or re-settlement of the whole British Empire, has the Irish element no distinctive part to play? The cry for federation now arising abroad in our Colonies, and which finds its echo here at home, has long been heard in Ireland. Will it there receive any response? Or is it there alone to be unattended to, ignored, and silenced? We do not hazard a reply. The *Tablet*, we observe, lately expressed an opinion, that then it may with best chance be listened to from Ireland, when the question of the general federation of the British Empire is effectively brought before the attention of Government. Certain it is, events are bringing federation into daily increasing prominence, and that time will ere long give a decided answer.

We conclude by saying, that could the cordial union of Ireland with England be solidly achieved, what is wanting to the strength of the Empire, both at home and abroad, would in our opinion be securely established. For we believe that there is in Ireland, though of late overlaid and obscured by circumstances of accidental confusion, a latent power of traditional conservatism and conscientious law-abidingness (if we may use such a term) which, if only conciliated by just and generous measures, would go far to serve as a check on certain extreme radical opinions that are threatening in their downward progress the disintegration of all established and time-honoured institutions in Great Britain. The principles of religious faith and morality, so strongly rooted in the Irish character, would act as a safeguard against the decay and ultimate loss of all belief in Divine revelation and moral obligation, to which the contradictory tenets and the lawlessness of so many opposing sects continually expose our population. The acknowledged intellectual gifts, and the more spiritual tone, as a rule, of the children of Erin, would tend much to preserve the people of this island from descending to the level of a mere worldly materialism, to which their greater temporal prosperity and power so easily incline them. We need say nothing with regard to the increased physical and material strength that would accrue to the Empire from the cordial union of the two nations. Nor will we add a word in this purely secular article on those blessings of a higher order which such union, through the Providence of God, would procure for the extension and welfare of His Holy Church, and the influence and spread of the Catholic religion.

Quod faxit Deus.

The Catholic Triumph in Belgium.

AT the conclusion of the article entitled "Belgium under Liberal Government," in the March number of THE MONTH, we expressed a hope that we should have occasion to resume later on in the year the record of Belgian Liberal Government Administration in 1883, and "to be able to chronicle their total defeat in the coming elections of June, 1884."

The hope we then expressed has been realized beyond our most sanguine expectations. We may, we think, put aside the records of the Liberal Administration from 1883 until its downfall in June last. It is now a matter of the past, a painful, degrading page of Belgian history, one to be forgotten if possible, to be erased, let us hope, by the efforts and energies of her new Ministry. It will be more cheerful and consoling to start afresh with June 10, 1884, to record what has passed since then, and what has been done to restore peace and prosperity to the kingdom.

Before dealing with the Legislative elections of the 10th of June, it will be as well to turn back to those of the Provincial Councillors, on the 25th of May, as they furnished at the time unmistakeable proofs of the turn of popular opinion against the Ministry. One half of the Councillors of the nine Provinces had to put up for re-election, the other half having to await their turn in two years' time from then. The political feeling of the whole country is never truly gauged owing to the existence of this system of partial elections. Before the 25th of May the party strength of the Provincial Councillors was as follows: Liberals, 296; Catholics, 339. The Province of *Antwerp* stood thus: 44 Catholics, 26 Liberals. *Namur*: 23 Liberals to 37 Catholics. In *Hainault*, 80 Liberals and 8 Catholics. After the elections the forces were as follows: Catholics, 389; Liberals, 246. In *Antwerp* the Liberals lost their 26 seats, in *Namur* 10, in *Hainault* 6—giving to the Catholics a majority in the nine provinces of 143 seats, the

increase being nearly 100. The result of the elections taken as a whole was thus a crushing defeat for the Ministry, and augured but ill for their chances of success in the coming elections of June. With the exception of the Province of Luxembourg where the Catholics lost three seats, their triumph was almost complete. Even in a suburb of Brussels—St Josse-ten-Noode—the Catholic Independent candidates were returned with a majority of over 300 votes. This check to the Ministry proved how grossly they had miscalculated the working of their *Loi des Capacitaires*, a law they had originated in their own interest to be tried first at a provincial election, and, should it prove successful, to be put into practice at those of the Legislature. It will be remembered that this law threw open to all not possessing financial claims, the right of a vote on the passing of an examination before a jury composed of two Liberals and one Catholic, and upon subjects decided upon by Government through the Minister of Public Instruction.

The interval between these elections and those of June was spent by both parties in actively organizing their respective forces, in naming their candidates, publishing manifestoes, and carrying on a very violent and bitter newspaper war. At Brussels the first sign of the approaching collapse was given in the poll for the nomination of candidates by the Liberal Association. Its sixteen outgoing representatives sought re-election, and were returned as candidates by a vast majority of the Association, in spite of M. Frère-Orban's influence and efforts to bring in several of his own clique. The Progressionists triumphed completely over the Doctrinarians, the extreme Left against the Left Centre. Stormy scenes had repeatedly taken place in Parliament between these two strange component parts of modern Belgian Liberalism; hard words had passed too between M. Frère and M. Janson; and on more than one occasion the abstention of the latter gentleman and his friends had placed the Government in dangerous proximity to defeat. Neither of course trusted the other, and both were equally eager to rid himself of the other. The result then of this poll was another disagreeable check to M. Orban; he had sought, to the detriment of the Progressionists, to get in three safe and sure supporters. The Association, however, refused to fall in with his views.

The Catholic party in Brussels were not slow in following the lead given them by their adversaries. On the 2nd of June

they held a meeting, at which were present MM. Malou, Coomans, and Beernaert. This latter gentleman opened the proceedings, and naturally dwelt upon the split in the Liberal camp, discussed the provincial elections, and produced the list of candidates chosen to represent the Catholic Independent party. The publication of this list was received with immense applause, as indeed it deserved, containing as it did the well-known and popular names of the Comte de Mérode, Comte d'Oultremont, De Borchgrave, De Smedt, &c. &c. An address from the sixteen candidates was then read, in which the Liberal policy was briefly yet sharply reviewed. A brilliant speech from M. Malou closed the meeting. In one concise sentence he summed up the past legislation of his adversaries: "The existing Cabinet has always and everywhere had but one object in view, the interests of its party. Such an object is unworthy of the Government of a free country. I hope that, should the majority be favourable to us, it will be the honourable task of the new Ministry to restore to the citizens their rights, and that without wounding the legitimate rights of our adversaries."

Similar enthusiasm was manifested at the meeting held the same evening at the Independent Club, where resolutions were passed unanimously approving the list of candidates agreed upon by the Catholics and themselves. So formidable a coalition of interests and influences struck terror and dismay into the Liberal ranks. Their party was further split up by the coming forward of four Radical candidates, to whom many votes were sure to be given. The chances of the party, even if united, were greatly jeopardized by the list of popular candidates put forward by the Catholics and Independents. A leading Liberal organ wrote as follows, on learning who the candidates were: "For the moment, the question is not to know what the new direction of Liberal policy will be. The question is, to know whether there will be any at all after the 10th."

The political combination of Catholics and Independents at Brussels following immediately upon the Liberal rupture, produced a most wholesome and encouraging effect upon the Catholic Associations throughout the country. Confidence was everywhere inspired. At Antwerp a grand demonstration was held by the *Meetinguistes*, a name by which the Catholics are known. The outgoing members were put forward for re-election —MM. Victor Jacobs, Coomans, Guyot, Meeus, and Baron Osy.

The speech of M. Jacobs was the event of the day, and roused the electors to a pitch of the greatest enthusiasm. "The hour," he said, "is not one for repose. The situation is full of peril; the Government extends day by day its centralizing action, to the detriment of the liberty of provinces, communes, and individuals. The entire country is under the control of the capital. Everywhere it is the State that directs, controls, inspects, and superintends. Thus discord reigns everywhere, owing to this disordered meddling of the central power with local business and individual interests. . . . Discontent is universal. Whom has the Government satisfied beyond its brigade of school inspectors and masters? For them, indeed, nothing is too good. Are agriculturists likely to sing its praises? Is the national industry inclined to offer it wreaths? Will commerce send in its congratulations? It has succeeded in disgusting every one, and when disgust is universal, the day of deliverance is nigh."

The enthusiasm evoked at Antwerp was not slow in spreading—at *Namur*, *Louvain*, *Ostend*, *Nivelles*, the Catholics worked with a zeal and determination that increased the dismay in their adversaries' ranks. *La Flandre Libérale* wrote thus on the 4th of June: "It would be difficult to exaggerate the gravity of the situation of the Liberal party. . . . Rouse yourselves, Liberals of Antwerp, Bruges, Namur, and, alas! we must add—Brussels."

The appeal was a desperate one, but so was the situation. Liberalism was already downcast and half crushed. Confidence seemed to have left its chiefs, in vain their organs called upon them to rally their followers and retrieve the moral defeat they had undergone at Brussels. In vain they calumniated both Catholic and Independent candidates, in vain they exposed with bitter hatred and glaring falsehood the results to be expected from an overthrow of the Cabinet. In spite of all their efforts, they failed in stemming the tide of discontent and suspicion that had set in against them. On the other hand, the Catholic politicians and journalists were carrying on a vigorous crusade in every doubtful locality. They had little difficulty in framing an indictment that would carry with it conviction wherever they went, and to whomsoever they addressed themselves. Abuses, intolerance, usurpation of public and private liberties were to be found in every department of the Government, and had only to be parcelled out according to the interests and rights of the

audiences concerned. Every class of society, every trade and industry had been injured, one way or another, by the Liberal Ministry. Even the most intolerant of clergy-haters was beginning to find to their cost that the process of clergy-railing and school proselytizing was an expensive one, and was dipping deeply into their pockets. So palpable had this truth become, that several moderate Liberal organs openly urged upon the Ministry the necessity of reducing these items of expenditure. The advice came late, and at a moment when it was impossible to carry it out.

We must pass over the few intervening days, important as they were to the interests of the elections. We must however mention the brilliant series of leading articles in *Le Bien Public*, in which it exhorted its readers to grasp the importance of the situation, and so do their duty to their God, their children, and their country. The *Courier de Bruxelles*, the *Patriote*, and many others, exerted themselves indefatigably to expose the Liberal falsehoods which were plentifully scattered throughout the country, and to put before their readers the true interests of Church and country. The *Patriote*, a new venture in the Catholic cause, soon distinguished itself by its combative qualities, proving itself a very scourge to the Liberal party, sparing none, exposing many a case of jobbery and double dealing, and unearthing many a plot against Catholic institutions and Catholic privileges.

On the 9th of June the Liberal Committee made a last effort of reconciliation with the Radical candidates, in the hopes of getting them to withdraw. The negotiations happily failed.

We must now turn to the eventful 10th of June. We shall not endeavour to describe the scenes that took place at the various polling places throughout the country. They were full of feverish excitement and anxiety. However, the painful uncertainty was soon put an end to. Before three in the afternoon the overthrow of the Ministry was assured. What followed later on in the evening is generally known. There were disgraceful scenes, if not rioting, on the part of the Liberals in Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent.

We will take the election list in its alphabetical order. The Province of *Antwerp* comprised three towns and their districts: *Antwerp*, *Malines*, and *Turnhout*. At *Antwerp* there were 8 vacancies, 7 Catholic and 1 Liberal. Both parties put forward 8 candidates. The entire Catholic list was returned by

a majority of nearly 1,500 votes. At *Malines* and *Turnhout* the Catholics were returned without a contest. Thus in this province there was a gain of one seat to the Catholics.

The Province of *Brabant* includes the towns and districts of *Brussels*, *Louvain*, and *Nivelles*. In the capital there was a vacancy for the Senate. M. Allard, the Catholic candidate, secured it with 9,311 votes to 7,924. For the House of Representatives there were 16 vacancies, that number of Liberals seeking re-election, opposed by an equal number of Catholics. Three Radical candidates also put themselves forward. Here again the entire Catholic list passed with a majority of 1,300 votes, thus securing a gain of 16 seats or 32 votes. Among the Liberals thus thrown out were M. Van Humbeeck, author of the Educational Law of 1879, and M. Buls, the Mayor of Brussels.

In *West Flanders* the Liberals lost *Ostend*, their only seat in the province, and thus the whole province returned Catholic members. In *Luxemburg*, the most Liberal province of all Belgium, two seats were gained by the Catholics; and in the Province of *Namur* they wrested three from their Liberal adversaries.

So crushing, overwhelming a political defeat had never occurred since the proclamation of the country's independence in 1830. It is the more remarkable when we take into account that the half of the country called upon to vote was comprised of provinces (omitting that of *West Flanders*) known for their Liberal tendencies and principles. Beaten at *Ostend*, where Catholics had never before been able to succeed, beaten at *Marche*, and *Neufchateau*, beaten too in their very stronghold, *Brussels*; beaten again at *Namur* and *Nivelles*, where a Cabinet Minister, M. Olin, was ejected, again at *Philippeville*, again at *Dinant*, the strong Ministerial majority was swept away by the votes of some of their staunchest supporters, by the towns and communes they trusted most. Significant indeed as these victories were, still more so do they become when attention is paid to the fact that two Cabinet Ministers and four mayors were among the rejected candidates.

Nothing remained on the 11th of June of the proud Liberal majority so often invoked by M. Frère-Orban as representing the country in the laws and measures he forced it, willing or unwilling, to pass; it had disappeared, swept away by the honest indignation felt by an electoral body at the series of corrupt laws and party measures put in force to retain its hold

over the country. The six electoral reforms passed by the Ministry during the six years they had oppressed the country did not succeed in calming, even among their own strongholds, the rising storm of dissatisfaction and disgust which their policy had engendered. They had held to their programme of centralization, they had for six years monopolized all power and privilege, and had abused both. They had carried out a system of ingenious and odious persecution of Catholic communes and Catholic institutions, they had introduced an educational system that was intended to crush clerical influence in their schools, and that forced upon every town, village, and hamlet the expense of providing and maintaining a school wherein religion would be taught and God be respected ; while in most instances their own schools were left to crumble and decay, and the ground where they stood to grow green with springing grass, leaving many hundreds of the schoolmasters and mistresses almost entirely unoccupied. For the maintenance of such a work they employed recklessly the country's finances, totally neglecting every other interest, every other industry. This pernicious and extravagant law ended its existence with inflicting upon the country a deficit that, since its promulgation, had increased until it reached the enormous total for 1884 of 25,000,000 francs.¹

After having thus ruined their country financially, and squandered its hard-earned resources upon an obnoxious, impious, and impracticable law, after having carried on a bitter and irritating warfare against the religion of two-thirds of the population, they at length found themselves face to face with an election. They had sown the seeds of a civil and religious warfare throughout the land, they had failed even to keep together their own followers. Dissension set in, and the Cabinet was doomed. As a ship adrift, whose crew is in mutiny, and the sea heavy and boisterous, founders through the incapability of her officers, through the mutiny of the crew, and through the violence of the opposing waves, so foundered the Liberal Government by a just retribution for their misdeeds.

They fell, regretted by none, respected by none. They left nothing behind them but sad traces of incompetency and discord. Their sole legacy to their successors was a heavy

¹ In 1860 the Educational Budget (the law of 1842 then being in force) was fixed at 6,783,349 francs, the number of attendances being 515,000. In 1881 (under the law of 1879) this Budget had risen to 32,518,372 francs, the number of attendances had fallen to 340,000.

financial deficit, a six years' record of taxation, persecution, and abuse of the constitutional powers intrusted to them.

The Cabinet formed by M. Malou to meet and remedy so responsible a task was composed as follows some few days after the elections :

Minister of Foreign Affairs	M. de Moreau.
" Public Works. Agriculture	M. Beernaert.
" Justice	M. Woeste.
" Railway, Telegraph, Post	M. Van den Peereboom.
" Interior and Public Instruc- tion	M. Jacobs.
" War	General Ponthus.
President of the Council. Finance .	M. Malou.

The House of Representatives was composed of 158 members, thus divided — 85 Catholics, 21 Independents, 52 Liberals. The Senate necessarily had to be dissolved, as it still possessed a small Liberal majority. The official journal, *Le Moniteur*, of the 18th of June, published the decree of dissolution, fixing the date of the new elections for the 8th of July. The Senate as it then stood was made up of 37 Liberals and 32 Catholics.

Pending these elections, it will be interesting and instructive to follow the intermediate action of the new Ministry up to the meeting of Parliament. Our authority is ever the official *Moniteur*, which in the absence of Parliamentary sittings speaks for the Cabinet.

On the 18th of June M. Woeste wrote the following letter to M. Laurent, a Professor of the University of Ghent, who was charged by the late Ministry with the work of revising the country's civil code. The work had made very considerable progress, Part III: having appeared, and, of course, fully satisfied the Ministry. Here is the letter :

Sir,—The new Cabinet has the intention of withdrawing the project of the law submitted to the deliberations of the Chambers, containing a scheme for the revision of the Civil Code. I have, in accordance with this decision, given orders to suspend the printing of this work.

It appeared to me advisable to communicate this intelligence to you without delay, in order that you may make your arrangements accordingly.

Accept, &c.,
The Minister of Justice,

WOESTE.

This letter was naturally stigmatized as brutal and insolent by the Liberal Press. But to those who knew that the work was animated by a bitterly hostile spirit against the Church and the civil rights of the religious orders, this timely suppression of the new code could not be considered otherwise than a positive duty on the part of the new Government.

The *Moniteur* of the 18th of June contained a Royal decree transferring the duties of Minister of Public Instruction to the Minister of the Interior (M. Jacobs). This decree was a significant one, and, pending the re-assembling of the Houses, left little doubt on any mind as to the fate that awaited the educational law of 1879.

Another decree, signed by the whole Cabinet, appeared in the *Moniteur* on the 25th, addressed especially to the officials employed by the State. It reminded them that they were, as citizens and individuals, free to vote as they liked, and to send their children to what schools they pleased, and that in so doing they need not fear any official interference whatever. On the other hand, they must refrain from taking any active part in elections, or mixing themselves up with one or other of the contending parties.

The Ministry were by no means ill-advised in calling the attention of State officials to what concerned them as to their duties as citizens and those belonging to the State that employed them. Since the 10th of June the Liberal papers, headed by M. Frère-Orban's organ, *L'Echo du Parlement*, had started a vigorous crusade of unscrupulous party charges against the new Ministry. They accused the new Cabinet of deception, intrigue, and intolerance, and this although scarce fifteen days had elapsed since the Ministry had been formed. Yet the charges were framed as if the responsibilities of the last six years' administration were theirs. Then the Royal decree warning the officials not to meddle with politics, yet openly telling them they were free to vote as they liked as citizens, was stigmatized as a threat. The suppression of the post of Minister of Public Instruction was described as an unconstitutional act (although its creation was not considered so), and its arbitrary character was pronounced worthy of a Ministry who were in the hands of clericals. They had forgotten, forsooth, that they spoke to a people who had seen, felt, and for five years been victims to a Minister of Public Instruction who had swollen the national budget beyond all reasonable

proportion, and had monopolized the entire increase of a taxation which was provided to meet the extravagances and absurdities of his policy. But, in the absence of evidence, even such charges as these were employed to blacken a Ministry whose only acts, as yet, were to take office and restore political order pending the meeting of the Chambers.

As the day fixed for the Senatorial elections approached, the tone of the Liberal press increased in bitterness and licence. Its position certainly was a desperate one. Were the electoral body but to repeat their vote of the 10th of June, Liberalism was virtually extinct for some years to come, save through its venomous and abusive newspapers, which now exerted themselves to throw every sort of ignominy, shame, and dishonour upon those whom the country had elected. This very press had, on the 11th of June, thus given their impressions of the 10th, and its results to the Liberal party :

L'Indépendance.—“C'est un cyclone.”

Etoile Belge.—“Le parti Libéral est battu si pas abattu.”

Flandre Libérale.—“La victoire des Catholiques était prévue, mais elle dépasse et de beaucoup les prévisions les plus pessimistes.”

L'Echo du Parlement.—“C'est plus qu'un effondrement, c'est un désastre.”

But now it completely changed front, and, pending the result of the poll, forgot the confessions forced upon it in spite of itself, and sought, though it sought in vain, to restore hope and confidence among its beaten and disorganized followers.

As the Cabinet of M. Malou had not yet time or occasion to declare its policy, the Liberal Press, with questionable disinterestedness, was ready to do it for them, especially as it was itself in want of a political cry. One had to be invented. What better one than that the new Ministry were going to impose a tax on bread? The absurdity of it never struck the inventors: the people would take it up at once, that was sufficient. A deficit existed, it had to be met, and how? with a tax on the poor man's loaf. So said the Liberal placards, as well as electioneering programmes.

In a meeting of the Conservative and Catholic Association of Brussels on the 28th of June, Monsieur Beernaert, Minister of Public Works and Agriculture, thus repudiated this malicious and cruel falsehood. “The Liberals have started another falsehood, on which they speculate somewhat heavily. We,

yes, we, who have ever opposed taxation upon articles of consumption, we are about to raise one. And on what? on bread! . . . According to *L'Etoile*, this tax is to bring us in 50,000,000 francs. *L'Echo du Parlement* goes beyond and puts it down at 83,950,000 francs. Thus a loaf that costs fivepence to-day, will be sixpence to-morrow. . . . Under present circumstances we should be more than mad if we raise the price of bread, not ten centimes (= a penny), but even one. Agricultural interests have suffered too heavily. It is this interest we must care for and watch over. . . . We have pledged ourselves to put an end to what even the friends of the late Administration called ridiculous educational outlay. We have for ever done with the system of education that has cost the country 70,000,000 francs. In consequence we must and will decrease the expenditure."

On Sunday, the 29th, the Catholic Constitutional Association held its meeting at Ghent, when the candidates for the Senate issued their address. Ghent had not taken part in the last elections, its turn having to come in two years time, and therefore much interest was excited about the elections for the Senate.

Liberal energy and invective were everywhere astir. M. Rolin was busy at Ghent, M. Bara at Tournay, MM. Van Humbeeck and Graux at Brussels. On the 3rd of July it was known that the Liberals had resolved not to contest the towns of *Antwerp, Bruges, Ypres, Louvain, Namur, Dinant, Neufchateau*. Even M. Bara, late Minister of Justice, spoke thus discouragingly to his constituents at *Tournay*: "I have no need," he said, "to rouse your Liberalism by fallacious promises, by hopes that I cannot entertain and that you would not share with me."

The verdict of the country bore out the truth of these words with a faithfulness that must have been painful even to M. Bara's modesty. The Catholics now hold 41 seats to 28 in the Senate, not including two towns where balloting had to take place.

The result was satisfactory enough; it had placed the Senate in political harmony with the country, and proved conclusively that the people were with the new Ministry. The triumph at *Ghent* was a grand one, those at *Verviers*, at *Soignies*, and at *Ath* were also more than satisfactory. But in the capital and at *Nivelles* the electoral verdict was inconclusive. In the former town the Catholics had not only failed in maintaining their late

majority, but had fallen short of the requisite number of votes for the return of their candidates. At *Nivelles*, a similar case occurred. So serious a change of front and of political ideas must have astonished most diplomatists and electioneering agents. It must, however, be observed that at least four hundred Catholic voters abstained from polling, owing in some cases to a feeling of over-confidence as to the results, while in others the getting in of the harvest proved an obstacle. Again, the advanced Radical section, which had opposed the Ministry of the 10th of June, now voted in a body against their successors. Above all, the Municipal Council of Brussels was entirely devoted to Liberalism. It will be our duty before bringing this article to a conclusion to deal with this Municipality and its official behaviour towards the Ministers. We need only remark here that since the downfall of the Frère-Orban Cabinet, open rebellion against the authority, unchecked licence of the Press, were permitted in the capital. Infamous and lying political placards were allowed daily to be paraded in the streets, to be sold in public thoroughfares, and encumber the boulevards and highways. So serious had this system of wilful misrepresentation become, such a hold had it gained on public opinion, that the President of *La Fédération des Indépendants*, Baron Greindl, and the Vice-President of the *L'Association Conservatrice Constitutionnelle de l'arrondissement de Bruxelles*, Baron Jolly, wrote a letter signed by them both on the 11th of July, to M. Malou, asking him for an official contradiction to the reports in circulation, that the Government intended to raise the price of bread, to put a tax on corn, and to suspend all public works in the capital. M. Malou replied on the same day, and gave an emphatic denial on behalf of himself and Cabinet.²

² Appended is the correspondence in question :

Monsieur le ministre,

Bruxelles, le 11th juillet 1884.

Le gouvernement n'a pas cru devoir démentir par la voie du *Moniteur* les projets qu'on lui prête d'établir un droit sur le pain ou sur les céréales et d'arrêter les travaux publics dans la capitale.

Malgré les déclarations précises de deux de vos collègues, nos adversaires persistent dans leurs affirmations.

Un mot de vous, monsieur le ministre, comme chef du cabinet, couperait court à tous ces mensonges.

Nous espérons que vous voudrez bien nous l'adresser.

Veuillez agréer, monsieur le ministre, l'assurance de notre respectueuse considération.

Le président de la fédération des Indépendants,

Baron GREINDL,

Le vice-président de l'Association conservatrice et constitutionnelle de l'arrondissement de Bruxelles,

Baron JOLLY.

A Monsieur J. Malou, Ministre des finances, à Bruxelles.

The opening of the newly-constituted Houses was fixed for the 22nd of July. On Monday, the 21st, the usual *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral Church of St. Gudule in the presence of their Majesties the King and Queen, the entire Cabinet, and the Courts of Cassation and Appeal. This was the first occasion since 1879 that the responsible Ministers of the Crown took part in this prayer to God for light and assistance upon the important business before them.

On the eve of the opening a circular from the Minister of Justice appeared in *Le Moniteur*, addressed to the Governors of Provinces, and dealing with the *Conseils de Fabrique des Eglises*. These are Councils, existing in every parish for the administration of the temporal concerns of the Church, composed of the curé and some half-dozen of the principal parishioners. The decisions of the Council have to be signed by the Mayor and approved of by the Members of the Permanent Deputation.³ No opposition being met with, the accounts pass and are approved of. Under M. Bara, however, matters were seldom so satisfactorily concluded. Was a bequest for Masses to be said made by a dying person for the benefit of his soul, the amount always appeared to M. Bara excessive, and a Royal decree was launched, intervening, and allowing the Council to accept perhaps a third, the residue to return to the family or relations, in the absence of either to the State. Did the village church stand in need of repairs, outside or inside, no matter how trifling, or did the curé want a new chasuble or

Monsieur le président,

Bruxelles, le 11 juillet 1884.

Désirant au désir exprimé par votre lettre de ce jour, j'ai l'honneur de confirmer, au nom du cabinet tout entier, les déclarations catégoriques faites par plusieurs de ses membres.

Le ministère n'a nullement l'intention de proposer l'établissement d'un droit quelconque, soit à l'entrée des grains étrangers, soit sur la farine ou sur le pain.

Loin d'arrêter les travaux qui intéressent la capitale nous avons déjà concouru à les activer.

Convaincus que le bon sens public ferait justice des mille bruits faux répandus chaque jour, nous avons cru inutile de les démentir par la voie du *Moniteur*. C'eût été attribuer à des billeveés une importance qu'elles n'ont pas.

Je souhaite, monsieur le président, sans oser l'espérer, que nos adversaires politiques aient la loyauté de renoncer désormais à de pareils moyens.

Agréez, Monsieur le président, l'assurance de ma considération très-distinguée.

J. MALOU.

A Monsieur le baron Jolly, président de l'Association conservatrice.

A Monsieur le baron Greindl, président de la Fédération des Indépendants.

³ A Council chosen by the Members of the Provincial Council from its own body to look after the interests of the Province, and which is in frequent communication with the Governor of the Province.

incense-boat, the Council had to sit and decide, and its decision had to be endorsed by M. Bara. If perchance the Commune was obstinate on the school question, or the curé zealous, as was generally the case, in filling his Catholic schools to the detriment of the official school, the request was sure to remain a very long time under consideration. We know of a case in a very small village church where the organist was employed as sacristan. His yearly stipend for both functions, when added together, was considerably under 1,000 francs (£40). The Council voted him an increase, not a very extravagant one, of 80 francs (£3 4s. 2d.) a year. Small as it was, he was not destined to receive it. M. Bara heard of this Commune, heard of the poor humble sacristan whose children frequented a Catholic school, and M. Bara sent them a *Royal* decree forbidding the Council to give the increase and the sacristan from receiving it. The *Moniteur* at that time contained many similar cases. With this little digression we must return to M. Woeste. He cancelled the numerous circulars and decrees of his predecessor, and directed the law to remain in force as it was before M. Bara's assumption of the post.

In the Senate, as in the House of Representatives, the business done on the 22nd was the verification of powers, constitution of *bureaux*, and validation of the elections. On Wednesday the 23rd the Ministry laid before the House two projects. The first was for the re-establishing of diplomatic relations with the Holy See; the second that of a new Education Bill. The House then adjourned until the following Tuesday, to give time for study of the two measures proposed. M. Moreau, Minister of Foreign Affairs, brought in the first, M. Jacobs the second, notifying in so doing that it was the intention of the Government to proceed at once with it and to pass it into law as soon as possible.

The following extract of M. Moreau's explanation of the reasons for the introduction of his Bill will be read with interest :

For more than half a century, whatever had been the political vicissitudes of the country, Belgium has ever maintained its diplomatic relations with the Holy See. In 1872 a vote for the suppression of the credit in the Budget for our Legation at Rome was proposed, but after a long discussion was negatived by 63 votes to 32. In 1880 these relations were broken off under circumstances the remembrance of which will never be effaced. Since then the Opposition on many occasions

testified its desire for the re-establishment of these relations, and its intention of so doing should it ever come into power again. . . . A few days after the constitution of the new Cabinet, his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State took upon himself the initiative with an official communication expressing the feelings of great affection His Holiness had ever entertained for Belgium and his ardent wish to see diplomatic relations reopened. . . . With the King's sanction we at once associated ourselves with the wishes of the Holy Father, being convinced that we were the faithful interpreters of the desire of an immense majority of the people.⁴

No words of ours can convey an idea of the thankfulness of the vast Catholic majority at this prompt and loyal act of love and reparation towards the Holy See. The shameful rupture of 1882 was felt to be a disgrace and ignominy weighing heavily upon the country, forced upon it by an unscrupulous and intriguing Cabinet in open violence to the people's Faith and principles. That the first Parliamentary measure of the new Cabinet should be one of justice and homage to the spiritual Head of their country, who had been so grossly insulted by their predecessors, surprised no one. The Act was a bold and uncompromising one. It was a clear index of the policy about to be pursued, a policy in which reverence for the religious belief and principles of the country was to form a leading feature.

It is now time to turn our attention to the educational project submitted to the House on the 23rd of July, and since voted by it and the Senate, with a few unimportant amendments. In submitting it to our readers we will take it in the form in which it received the royal sanction on the 20th of September.

In the reasons for the introduction of the Bill, the history of the country's educational system and measures was concisely given. Our space will not possibly allow us to follow the right honourable gentleman's researches so far back as 1830. We must content ourselves with beginning with the year 1842. M. Jacobs thus speaks of the law then passed by his friends, and of that passed in 1879.

The law of 1842 was to a certain extent a law of centralization. . . . The law of 1879 was a law *à outrance*, and in its application the very text of the law was surpassed. It was the State that determined at

⁴ *Documents Parlementaires, Chambre des Représentants, Session extraordinaire de 1884*, p. 12.

its will the number of primary classes, guardian and adult schools, in each commune; it was the State, too, which determined the number of masters, who instructed them, who nominated them. The School Budget was fixed by the State. . . . In 1842 it was possible to establish an educational system applicable to the whole country, but a measure of this kind is impossible in 1884. A system of centralization could not now have any other result than that of imposing on one or the other parties that divide the country, the ideas of the other. This cannot any longer be thought of. The Belgian Catholics have suffered too cruelly the heavy weight of the law of 1879, to think for one moment of imposing a similar burden upon their opponents. If we desire, I do not say to satisfy every one, for it would be childish to imagine this possible, but to respect the interests of each, so far as is possible, the State must abandon direct school management.⁵

M. Jacobs then goes on to say that the English system, under certain reserves, appears to offer the most favourable solution of the difficulties of the educational question in Belgium. Here we may very well allow the law to speak for itself.

The law as voted comprises seventeen Articles or clauses. Briefly condensed they are as follows:

Article I.—In each commune there must be at least one communal school. The commune may adopt one or more private (or free) schools, and in this case the King may exempt it from the obligation of establishing or maintaining a communal school. This exemption however can never be accorded if twenty fathers of families having children at an age capable of attending school, demand the creation or maintenance of the communal school for the instruction of their children, and if the Permanent Deputation gives its approval to the claim.

This article is a very wide departure from the law of 1879, Article II. of which places in the Government's hands the absolute right of fixing the number of schools and school-masters. Now the commune alone is to exercise this control, the Government only imposing upon it the obligation of having a school, be it either the communal one or an adopted one. The second clause, relative to the interests of the minority, the twenty heads of families having children of an age capable of attending school, seems to us likely to be entirely one-sided in its application. No possible satisfactory results can accrue to the Catholics from it, and an immense deal of mischief. It

⁵ *Ibid.* pp. 4, seq.

will work well enough where the commune is Catholic, when it can suppress the official school and adopt one or more free schools, according to its requirements. If twenty really conscientious Liberals are to be found to demand the assistance of the commune, it will not be grudged them. But reverse the case, and take a commune that is Liberal. Here, of course, the official schools remain intact with their masters and mistresses as under the law of 1879; but what is the Catholic minority to do in this case, if Article I. gives but the power of demanding a *communal* school, just the very school they want to avoid? The rights of a Catholic minority are in this case simply *nil*.

Abuses, inefficiency of schools or instructors, will be met by the Government with a suppression of the State grant. The age of children frequenting school, and on whose behalf their parents are entitled to demand another school, is fixed at from six to fourteen years. The Permanent Deputation has to examine into and weigh these claims, and then submit them to the Minister for final settlement.

Article II.—The primary communal schools are under the control of the communes.

The Communal Council determines according to the wants of the locality their number and that of the staff of teachers.

The Council likewise determines in case of necessity the establishment and organization of guardian and adult schools.

This article puts an end to all the extravagant and absurd expenses forced upon the commune by the law of 1879, inasmuch as the commune alone has anything to say to the number of schools required. By the law of 1879 the Executive had decreed the foundation of a school where and when it chose, and forced the commune to provide the funds, ground, &c.

In the discussion that this article underwent, the question as to whether the instruction was to be gratuitous or not was thus solved by M. Jacobs: "Gratuitous instruction must in all cases be supplied to the poor, but it must not be general, otherwise the commune must bear the expense."⁶

The following are the cases as reserved to the interference of the Executive: "If the number of class hours is excessive or

⁶ August 12, *Annales Parlementaires*, p. 129. By a circular of the Minister dated the 21st of September, the school fees are not to be less than 5d. or more than 1s. 8d. a month.

the reverse, if the books are insufficient, if the schools are unhealthy, if the number of schools or masters is not in proportion to the requirements, if the rights of minorities are not observed. In these cases the weapon of subsidies becomes the efficacious sanction of these implicit obligations."⁷

Article III.—Poor children are to be educated gratuitously.⁸

The communes see that all those not frequenting a private school or one under inspection, attend one or the other. A list is to be prepared annually by the commune, in conjunction with the Charity Committee, of the children so attending, and the fees to be given to the school-masters to be decided by them.

Article IV. deals with the subjects to be taught: writing, reading, and arithmetic, weights and measures, the elements of French, German, and Flemish, according to the requirements of the parish; needlework for girls, gymnastics and an elementary agriculture for boys.

The communes are free to give to this programme what extension they may think advisable.

The communes may put at the head of their programme religious and moral instruction in all or any of their schools. This instruction is to be given at the end of school.

If twenty heads of families request that their children be dispensed with the obligation of assisting at the religious instruction, the King may at their demand oblige the commune to organize one or more special classes for the use of these children. If, notwithstanding the request of twenty heads of families, the commune refuses to include religious instruction in conformity with their views in the programme, or raises obstacles to the class being given by the minister of the religion concerned, the Government may themselves adopt a free school to meet the purpose asked.

Thus it depends entirely upon the vote of the Communal Council as to whether religious instruction is or is not to form a part of their official programme. If it decides in the affirm-

⁷ *Annales Parlementaires*, August 14, p. 173.

⁸ They are thus classified (1) Those children whose parents are in receipt of parochial assistance; (2) the children of workmen who have but a daily uncertain work; (3) orphans, &c.

ative, then the instruction is left by the law in the hands of the curé.⁹ The law in no way forces the commune to fix an emolument; it is free to do so or to refuse it.¹⁰

The religious feelings of a minority are safe-guarded by the clause that forces the Council to provide a special class to meet their special wants. The situation assumes a more serious aspect should the Council refuse to the religious principles in question a place in its official school programme. Then, on the demand of twenty fathers of families not being faithfully carried out, the Government itself steps in and establishes one or more schools, according to the number of this minority. This article, so far as the religious question is concerned, is as well adapted for the present state of the country as human ingenuity and political fairness can allow. Religious instruction is forced on no one, but it can no longer be refused to the humblest and poorest with impunity. In such large towns as *Brussels*, *Liège*, and *Ghent*, where Communal Councils have ever been anti-Catholic, and where for so many years the religious welfare of a numerous minority has been neglected and even tampered with, the dishonest legislation of the past is happily at an end.

M. Jacobs, speaking on this point, said: "We desire that the convictions of every one be respected, unless in so doing the majority be deprived of a complete harmonious instruction. The commune can, in the manner I have explained, establish an instruction more or less religious (confessional). It can, moreover, do so with head erect, as under the law of 1842, not with head bowed and half in hiding, as it was compelled to do under the law of 1879."¹¹

Article V.—The schoolmaster must lose no occasion of inculcating in those confided to his care the principles of morality, the duty, and the respect owing to their country and its national institutions. He must carefully abstain from all attacks on the religious convictions of the families whose children are confided to his care.

M. Jacobs, in his explanation to the Senate on this point, thus defined the bearing of moral instruction on education: "Practical morality does not need a class; it is not even a branch of instruction; it is not in such and such an half-hour

⁹ The religions recognized and subsidized by the State other than the Catholic, are the Protestant, and Jewish.

¹⁰ M. Jacobs, August 16, *Annales Parl.* p. 319.

¹¹ *Annales Parl.*, August 16, p. 319.

that it has to be taught, but at any moment, at every moment, when the opportunity occurs."¹²

Article VI. deals with the subsidies given by the State, the commune generally having to provide one half, the State and the Province the other. Pensions, &c., concern the last two.

Article VII. gives to the commune the power of dismissing, and suspending schoolmasters, provided the sanction of the Permanent Deputation is obtained.

A second clause deals with the salaries of the staff. A third fixes the pensions to be accorded to those who, serving under the law of 1879, are discharged of their functions under that of 1884. After a given length of service, the pension is never to be less than half of the salary given when in active work.¹³

Article VIII. throws open the post of schoolmaster and schoolmistress to all Belgians or those naturalized as such, to bearers of diplomas from public training Colleges, or from private ones under inspection, and to those who had passed an examination for such a post before a jury nominated for such a purpose.

Under the law of 1879 a royal dispense might be obtained, and we regret to say was very often obtained, to the detriment of many Catholic diploma bearers.

Article IX. lays down the conditions under which a private primary school might be established. It has to be conveniently situated. Half of its staff to have received diplomas or passed the examination alluded to above. The class hours must not be less than twenty a week, independently of the time devoted to religious instruction.

Article X. brings us to the inspection of schools, which is put under the complete control of the State, but does not extend to religious instruction. In every province there is to be at least one Inspector, having under his charge cantonal sub-inspectors. These latter have to visit at least once a year all the schools established in his district. Once a year he is to assemble the schoolmasters and mistresses of his canton, and subsequently submit a

¹² *Annals Senat.*, September 10.

¹³ A Royal decree dated the 21st of September gives the following scale:

(1)	After five years' service, or below,	half the salary.
(2)	" " " "	and not more than 15 years, two-thirds.
(3)	fifteen " "	three-fourths.

report to the Inspector-in-chief. He in his turn is to assist at least once a year at these conferences, and to visit at least once in two years the schools in the province. The school must necessarily take part in the annual examinations in order to receive the Government grant. This State inspection in no way interferes with the right of the communes to appoint a communal inspector.

Article XI.—The State, the province, and communes may found Training Colleges.

Article XII.—The organization of Training Colleges is under Government control, and every pupil is assured absolute freedom of conscience.

Article XIII.—The Training Colleges of the provinces and communes, or private ones, will not receive grants unless submitting to inspection.

We may pass over Articles XIV., XV., XVI., XVII.

Such, in brief, is the Educational Act of 1884. With the exception of Article I., it bears the impress of a loyal and patriotic desire to treat the question in a fair and impartial manner. It sweeps away in a very great measure the gross abuses and cruel intolerance that marked the Act of 1879 and its working. It will be the effective means of disburthening many hundred Catholic communes of the pecuniary sacrifices entailed upon them by the late party legislation, it will allow them for the future to determine what their own actual requirements really are, and how they are to be met with in the interests of their own inhabitants. Of course there is, and we are afraid there ever will be, a reverse to the medal of educational legislation in this country. There will be many, very many, communes in which Catholics will scarce feel any beneficial result from the passing of this Act: beyond of course that provided by Article IV., which gives them the claim to the right of having religious instruction provided for their children and given by their own priests; but beside this they will still be forced either to keep up at their own expense their free schools or to send their children to the official one in the hands of a Liberal Council or presided over by schoolmasters of Liberal opinions. Article I. gives to a Liberal minority the power of forcing a Catholic commune to open and maintain a communal school for their own special benefit, and this immense power is based upon no religious scruples whatever.

There is no clause within the whole Bill that gives to a Catholic minority the same power. This we humbly venture to think is a sad and deplorable omission. Article I. might have been so drawn up as to protect both minorities in the face of opposing majorities. The continued and heavy sacrifices imposed upon and so bravely borne by the organizers and supporters of Catholic free schools merited a warmer appreciation and a more favourable consideration in the great question of National Education when under the consideration of a Catholic Ministry.

We must now turn once more to the Parliament, and see how this important measure passed through the two Houses.

Before a Bill can become law in Belgium, it has to be examined by members of the House divided into sections. Having passed through this ordeal, it is to be discussed in open House, and if voted is sent up to the Senate for approval. The royal signature is then the only formality requisite to make the Bill law. In the sectional discussions the Bill was voted by the first, second, third, fourth, and sixth sections; in the fifth it was thrown out by 9 against 8, one member refusing to vote.

On the 5th of August the first symptoms of Liberal street political warfare became visible. A crowd of some two or three hundred hungry malcontents assembled before the Parliament House and howled at and insulted the Catholic representatives and Ministers as they entered. The following day the threatening attitude of the Liberal mob outside the House, and elsewhere, towards the Catholic deputies, assumed such serious proportions that M. Jacobs announced to the House that in the event of the Bourgmester not doing his duty in a more energetic and satisfactory manner, he would give the Governor of the province authorization to call out the military. But, as he had received the assurance that order would be maintained from two of the Sheriffs, he would suspend such orders.

M. Bara, on this, brought forward a vote of censure against the Ministry for this threat of violence and usurpation of the communal authority. It was, however, negatived by 81 against 39. We much regret that M. Jacobs allowed himself to be persuaded by the assurances of the two Sheriffs, for had a little firmness and resolution been shown at the beginning of these anti-Ministerial demonstrations, the boldness and insolence of the rioters would have cooled down considerably.

On Sunday, the 10th, the capital was the scene of two very formidable demonstrations, Catholic and Liberal. It was certainly a very dangerous thing on the part of M. Buls to allow the two hostile parties to march about and parade, as only continental politicians can, within almost arm's length of each other. Order was maintained, however, and credit for its maintenance, on this occasion, must be given to M. Buls.

On Tuesday, the 12th of August, the general discussion of the Education Bill was opened, M. Jacobs previously informing the House that the Royal Training Colleges of *Thuin*, *Dinant*, *Virton*, *Bouillon*, and *Ypres* were suppressed, towns whose educational population were entirely insignificant. On Saturday, the 30th, the Bill was voted in the Lower House by 80 against 49. On the Sunday following, the streets of Brussels were again the scene of a Liberal demonstration protesting against the passing of the Education Act. Once more order was maintained, although insulting cries and placards were not wanting to rouse the temper of any hot-blooded Catholic. The petition was handed in at the Palace to an aide-de-camp to the King. His Majesty was at Ostend, preferring the healthy sea breezes there to the heated atmosphere of the capital. In the evening the usual Liberal courtesies were gone through before the Ministerial offices and those of Catholic journalism. A counter-demonstration by the Catholics was at once decided upon. Its organizers held interviews with M. Buls, who promised the demonstrators the same protection as he had secured for the Liberals on the 1st of September. Their route would be kept by his police, and they might rest assured that no opposing element would be allowed to encounter them. Supporters of this demonstration gave in their names in great numbers, and over 50,000 were enrolled by the 4th, and on Saturday the number had risen to 83,000 with over 200 bands of music. On Sunday, the 7th, the capital was fairly filled at eleven o'clock by Catholic deputations, arriving at every minute, and taking up the posts assigned them; 10,000 came from *Antwerp*, 6,000 from *Ghent*, 2,000 from *Bruges*, 2,000 from *Tournay*, 4,000 from *Liège*. Every one carried in his button-hole the national tricolour, red, yellow, and black. At all the approaches to the different railway entrances were compact masses of Liberals, each armed with a heavy stick and a very powerful shrill whistle, which he never forgot to use. From the moment of their arrival it was evident

to the Catholics that an attack on them was in preparation. The vast majority had come expecting nothing of the kind, and were therefore ill-prepared to receive it. Long before the procession was formed organized raids were made upon the bands of music and bearers of banners, men of course powerless to defend themselves, instruments were battered, drums kicked in, and banners torn and thrown to the winds. At two o'clock the procession started, and passing the Boulevard Hainault, opposite the Bourse, was simultaneously assailed on both flanks by a Liberal force. The onslaught was so sudden and so well arranged that the procession was cut at once into two. The front portion being separated from the rear was powerless to defend itself, cramped in its movements, and pressed in on the flanks and centre, while a perfect storm of blows from loaded sticks, life preservers, and leaden gauntlets was rained down upon those offering the slightest resistance. The Civic Guard, who were stationed here in force, and whose officers could not have been in ignorance of what was in store for the procession, neither protected the attacked nor arrested the aggressors. A second ambush assailed them further on, near the *Marche aux Poulets* and in *La Petite Rue au Beurre*. The fighting here was very severe, but in spite of a vigorous defence, the line of procession was again broken and thrown into confusion. Repeated attempts were made to re-organize the procession, but totally unaided and unprotected by the police, cut up into numerous sections, separated from its leaders, the procession had to disband. A certain number of members of both Houses, together with some influential leaders of the Catholic clubs, found their way to the Palace and presented their address. By six o'clock the streets were entirely in the hands of the Liberal rabble. Early in the afternoon, offers were made by the Cabinet of troops to the Bourgmester to enable him to maintain order; this offer was refused, M. Buls declaring that he was competent to preserve peace and tranquillity. How well this official succeeded may be imagined from the fact that it was half-past four on Monday morning before the last section of the Catholic procession was able to reach the railway station, and then only under armed escort. We must remember that the disturbance commenced about eleven, and had become general by two p.m., not only in one street or boulevard, but everywhere where the Catholics passed; that the rioters were not solely composed of noisy, drunken groups of men of the

lowest class, paid to howl down the clergy with cries of *A bas la Calotte*, but of well organized bands of respectably dressed individuals. And this was the reception offered by the capital to 83,000 of its fellow-countrymen, who had come there to declare their adherence to the country's Ministers! So scandalous a scene within the walls of a capital, where civilization is supposed to flourish, can only find a parallel in the days of the Paris Commune. The 7th of September will never be forgotten by the Catholic party, it will be remembered as a day when political honesty and ordinary courtesy had no place among their adversaries, a day when the Municipal authorities of the capital seemed to mistake their own fellow-countrymen for a horde of savage invaders, and treated them accordingly.

We must leave this painful topic to speak of the Educational Bill, which was being very rapidly passed through the Senate. It was voted on the 10th of September by 40 against 25. The Royal signature was now alone required for it to become law. This was not given until some days later. Meanwhile the disturbances in Brussels continued unchecked in their violence, and even extended to personal insults on the King and Queen. Daily tumults took place in La Grand Place, before the Palace, seditious cries and pamphlets were sold freely through the streets, insulting portraits of the Ministers and clergy were exhibited in the shops, vulgar and coarse political cartoons were exposed in every kiosque. In the offices of *La Chronique* a coarse and revolting series of political sketches was daily exposed to the gaze of the thousands who thronged the galleries of St. Hubert. During all this the police were inactive, and the Mayor and Council were issuing proclamation upon proclamation inviting "the good townsfolk" to remain calm and tranquil under the provocation of the measure just passed. The Ministry seemed unwilling to act or to interfere with the powers of the Municipal authorities, for until the Act was signed by the King, manifestations were not illegal in themselves, though the way in which they were carried out was most decidedly so.

The *Moniteur* of the 21st of September contained the Educational Law in full, with the signature of the King. The date fixed for its being put into force was the 2nd of October.

With the royal assent to the Bill, order was soon restored, the Ministry making an example of a revolutionary paper, the

National Belge. The editor and sub-editor, found out to be Frenchmen, were served with notice to quit the country they had disgraced within twenty-four hours, and since this date the editor has joined the staff of the *Intransigeant* at Paris. From this safe distance he still continues to throw mud upon the Ministry.

In conclusion, we may say without exaggeration that in spite of the discouraging communal elections of Sunday, the 19th of October, in spite of the continued disturbances provoked by the Liberals, the present position of the Catholic party in Belgium is a brilliant one. The Ministry has gained much since the 10th of June in the eyes of the country by its moderation and firmness. It has already given proofs of its earnest desire to improve the agricultural interests of the country by the creation of a Ministerial Department to watch over and advance its progress. It is daily pushing forward public works for the good of towns and communes; and now being practically free of the education question, it can give its energies and an increased share of public money to the development of interior communication and other schemes long neglected by their predecessors.

On the working of the great Act with which the Catholic Cabinet of 1884 will for ever be associated, it is at the present moment impossible to give a decided opinion, and this for the very important reason that the communal elections are fixed for the 19th of October, and upon their results depends the influence and working of the Act throughout the country.

Finally, we congratulate the Ministry on the important measures, and the re-establishment of relations with the Holy See, with which it has so honourably commenced its career, and hope that it will soon see itself in a position to perfect the great Educational Act of 1884, in spite of an Opposition that has given such lamentable proofs of its want of patriotism, its hatred of order, and its contempt for religion and the Constitution to which its members have sworn allegiance.

AUSTIN G. OATES.

Sketches of African Life in British Guiana.

PART THE FIRST.

THE following rough sketch of life in an African village is the result of quiet personal observation extending over many years of residence among the people. I do not propose to enter on any elaborate analysis of the excellencies and defects, the characteristic qualities, the origin in the past or the destiny in the future, of the coloured race. I am merely going to draw a simple picture of them as they are in their own homes, and of those marked peculiarities which have often been described, and too often caricatured or misrepresented.

The Africans as a class of people are exceedingly simple in their manner of acting and in their mode of expression, especially when their betters have not spoiled them by their vicious ways or bad example.

They are invariably cheerful, good-natured, and often merry, have a fair appreciation of dry humour, and are fond of fun. They are hardly ever over-anxious or weighed down with grief, while troubles, come as they must to all, sit lightly upon them.

They are, moreover, though passionate at times, on the whole of a kind and even disposition, and, though often exceedingly noisy and excited, so that they seem at first to breathe fire and vengeance, they draw no blood, strike no blows, threaten much, look excessively savage, and all is over—no malice whatever remaining in their minds, no rancour or vindictive feeling taking possession of their hearts; ready to fight one moment, and at the next to share their food together. In fact, and it rather redounds to their credit than otherwise, they are in this respect more like unto overgrown, querulous, excitable, children, than full-grown powerful men.

Some stress, certainly, should be laid upon the fact of the ready spirit of pardon the African possesses, on his willingness not only freely to forgive, but also readily to forget, for, while it contrasts wonderfully on the one hand with the disposition of many of the wild native tribes of America, on the other it puts

to deep blush self-sufficient people of European Christian nations, who pray in the best of prayers for forgiveness, but seldom themselves are very ready to forgive, reminding us of Shakespeare's words, so beautifully put in Portia's appeal : "We all do pray for mercy, and that same prayer should teach us to render the deeds of mercy."

Again, our African friend, though perhaps not always very demonstrative, is faithful, affectionate, and warm-hearted, and cherishes the remembrance of his friends. When, for instance, a poor Congo Catholic, once a slave, old and infirm, will come some distance to welcome back a priest after some years of absence, and will shake his hand with evident emotion, and then, within the same half minute, will, as a favour, beg "to shake de hand again," it shows much genuine feeling and warmth of heart.

In the appreciation of religion and its sacred truths the Africans are not wanting, and when not blown about by every wind of false doctrine, they become simple, sincere, and practical Christians, or, to use a non-Catholic phrase, a God-fearing and church-going set. Not long since, a black boy, quite out of breath, ran up to a priest, and stumbled out, "Fader, can boy ever be too big for to serve God? Isaac Neptune and Prince Simon both say me too big for serve Mass." When young black boys get such good thoughts in their heads, and ask such serious questions, quaint as they may sound, it shows at least that there is some good modelling clay from whence to mould the solid Christian man.

The history of the African in these parts, and how he gained a footing on the soil, or came to British Guiana, is generally known, or if not, is quickly and easily told. In the dark days of slavery, or, as the black man drolly puts it, "In de Old Testament time," white men of many nations looked upon their fellow-creatures of the dark-skinned race as mere living animals, or live labour instruments, with bodies to be beaten, but no souls to be saved, and teased them as if they were lineal descendants of the long-tailed monkey tribe, living on hard nuts and sleeping up high trees, quite to the mind of Darwin and his brethren.

In these sad days, then, when the poor African was first stolen from his people—then bought, then sold again—a great slave traffic was carried on for a length of years between the vast desert continent and South America, including many of the

West India Islands captured or claimed by the European powers. Hither the poor Africans were brought from many parts of their own dear land, or kidnapped upon the shore, and stowed away like live stock or mere living cargo in the wretched vessels bound from east to west. Each West Indian planter of sugar, coffee, cocoa, or of cotton, had supplied to him the number of negro slaves he required or stipulated or paid for, and the poor creatures, who melted the saintly heart of a Peter Claver and other zealous souls of his own heroic stamp, would find themselves consigned to the tender mercy and often most cruel care of wicked and immoral masters, and hard-hearted and not less wicked drivers, to end their days for the most part in ignominious slavery and total religious ignorance.

Often indeed, as tradition tells us, the poor slave fared right well, was happy, content, and cared for, so much so that this question has been sometimes asked, and not so summarily answered: Was not the African slave of old a happier man than his free and lazy descendant of to-day? Without even entering into the question, or troubling about the answer, this much we may say with truth—that whatever happiness the poor slave enjoyed in those days was but accidental, and depended much upon the humanity of the master, and still more upon the kindness of the driver, and certainly was not the result of his fallen and degraded state. Thus we see how the black men of Africa got footing, and, in part, possession of the soil, and became in time a large portion of the population of British Guiana.

And now that slavery has passed away, and has become a mere part of history, forming indeed a dark and dismal blot on the historic page; now that the black English subject can sing to his heart's content, "Rule Britannia! Britons never shall be slaves;" now that he is his own master and depending on his own means, what has he done to show his appreciation of the utter change of events, or how has he corresponded to the blessings of emancipation?

It may, and must be said, severe as the saying may sound, that the poor African has done very little, nay, next to nothing, in bettering his condition, or in advancing his social position in the land. He has not used his liberty or freedom to the advantage of himself, or for the benefit of others, or for the general good. With many inducements before him, with good laws to protect him, a free government to encourage him, and

many a white man of means to assist and patronize him, to say nothing of his own health and strength to back him, he has failed to correspond to these advantages, but has remained very much in a " *statu quo* " condition.

And whence comes all this? It comes from his own unwillingness to work, from his utter distaste for labour. It comes simply from the fact that he will not submit to be a labouring man in the ordinary sense of the word—that is, he will not put in a week's honest work, for out of six days he cannot, as a rule, be induced to labour more than three days or four at most. We speak here especially of the out-door country labouring class. True enough, right well he works during those few days, making more show, and doing much more work in one day than a Coolie Indian will do, or can do in three; but this fact speaks not in his favour, but rather against him, and confirms the argument that he might do much, and gain much, and prosper well, if he could but put his shoulder to the wheel, or his hand to the plough, and not keep looking back. And what becomes of the other three days, or balance of the week? They are spent in lazy lounging, or in listless sleep. He has earned nearly three dollars for his three days' work; his wife may or may not get some more, but he is idle until his money is all gone, and hunger comes again. Then he gets up, bestirs himself once more, claims, or clamours for fresh work to do, or food to eat.

He does not, we must frankly own, leave his work and go off, as the enlightened Englishman, the religious Scotchman, or the merry-hearted Irishman will do, and that for weeks together, on some drunken spree or bout. Civilization has not as yet put so many kind temptations in his way, nor, as in most English towns, has she built public-houses all round him, till he feels like " frog in the middle, and can't get out." His temptations here are not to drink, thank God; at the present it is not his besetting sin, or predominant passion, but laziness may be, and it looks very like it. However, he may possibly say, *Audi alteram partem*, and be tempted to push forward a specious argument or so, contending that when Holy Job in his anguish cried out, " Man is born to labour, as the bird is made to fly," he did not mean to say man must be ever suffering or at hard work, nor the poor bird always on the wing. I, he may add, as a free-born British subject, have full right to arrange my own times of honest labour and hard work; and he may push his argument further still, and say, that he,

unlike the rest of men, does not want to be great or rich during his short, transitory life here below; he has no ambition to purchase lands and thereon to raise high houses, or to possess shops and prosper therein, like the good industrious Portuguese, or even the poor pagan Chinese do, nor, like the Indian Coolie, does he care for cattle, or cows. Why should I, he argues, work the whole week through, all hot and weary, to gain such things as these? I, he says, am more simple in my tastes and thoughts, more spiritual in my desires; give me enough to eat and drink, and wherewith to be clothed, and I am both content and happy, a free, unfettered British subject, born under an English flag, and sitting under my *neighbour's* fig-tree, or lounging in the sun. Or again, he may continue, why should I make my short existence miserable here below to gain a few luxuries of life, to have a house and then a bright brass knocker on the door, and electric bells to boot, and within to be surrounded with gold mouldings, curtains, choice pictures, sofas, Turkey carpets, Indian mats, and a round table with a thousand useless trinkets on it for servants to dust and children to destroy. I am above all these things. Leave me alone; don't tease me with such trifles. I am free, and I wish to be unfettered.

Now, whatever be our dark friend's argument, or his plea for uninterrupted liberty and love of holy poverty, if so he puts it, or his noble scorn of the world's great gifts and little trifles, or his preference of three days' sluggish inactivity to three days' honest invigorating work, quite certain it is that his arguments one and all, weak or strong, wise or worldly, will gain no hearing, much less favour, in this nineteenth century of everlasting push and perpetual progress, of money making and of money taking.

But more seriously our friend may say that after all said and done, there is no encouragement for him to labour and work his way up the social scale, or educate his children well. He can never attain to the priesthood, the law is locked against him, as a physician men would not trust him with their precious lives or livers, and if he tried literature, no one would read his books.

Here let us meet him with a flat denial. Propaganda will point with pride to many an African priest, learned, eloquent, and holy. Law can show forth many an able lawyer, and some perhaps as much qualified as a Blackstone; while the medical

profession has turned out not a few, but many, clever and skilful doctors. But of course, for all this, much long, patient study, and dogged perseverance is required, and here is just where the difficulty comes, and where ambitious effort is so much needed. Let, however, the African say what the great St. Austin, whom some insist was an African himself, once said, in a matter, it is true, of greater moment, "Why cannot I do what others have done before me?"

But there rests this one other point, deserving a moment's thought, and perhaps suggesting some excuse. May not this utter dislike to work be the outcome of those long years of cruelly inflicted labour in the dark days of slavery? or in other words, may not this laziness or inactivity be a necessary reaction after long years of hard endurance? A generation and more have passed, it is true, since the last slave was whipped or chained, and the horizon is as dark as ever.¹ Perhaps in a third, or may be a fourth, a bright light will shine forth, and things become marvellously changed, and bright days come, and an African be the successor of our much-esteemed British Governor, or an African Catholic Bishop be appointed by the Pope, or a Cardinal Negronati appear among us in these parts as Legate from His Holiness.

Before we study our African friend himself, we must have a peep at his home, or a sketch of his dwelling, see how and of what it is built, and what earthly treasures he has hid away therein.

Lord Bacon made a hard hit at architecture when he said that houses were made to dwell in, and not to be looked at. The architect, of course, retorts and says that they can be made for both, and art and utility may go hand in hand. However, Bacon's words fitly apply just now, for the Africans' house is certainly built to live in, and not to be looked at. This one thing, however, may with truth be said in reference to their little buildings, that none of them offend in any one point any rule or canon of architecture, nor, on the other hand, do they run counter to any of the laws of true construction. And this is saying for these small houses what many a London house of greater pretensions could not say for itself.

The houses here are all built of wood, like to Noah's ark of old, though, considering the heat, luckily for the inmates,

¹ Slavery was abolished in 1834.

not pitched within. They are built of wood, simply because there is neither stone, nor brick, nor lime out here to build with.² The framework of the buildings are of the hard woods of the colony—Wallaba, or Green Heart, or Mora—though pitch-pine for that purpose is finding a ready market now. The frame consists of squared uprights, some five to seven feet apart, morticed into the sill below and into the roof-plate above, standing about ten feet high. To this an ordinary pitched roof is added. The sides of the building are boarded round with white pine or American lumber, the colony possessing no cheap, soft material suitable for the purpose. The posts or uprights are visible within, but not offensive to the eye. Where their means allow of it, the whole of the building is shingled with thin splittings from the Wallaba tree, a wood easily yielding to the cleaving axe, and from its resinous properties impervious to rain. The roof is likewise shingled; and all this shingling work, be it said to the credit of the craft, is done in a most masterly and workmanlike manner. This style of work has, moreover, a pleasing effect, and although the shingles are of a dark, deep red when first put on, in a very short time they become reduced by the sun's bleaching power to a pale ash colour.

The size of the houses, sometimes not exceeding ten feet square, depends much upon the length of the little family, but more upon the depth of the poor man's pocket.

Of window openings there are plenty; of panes of glass there are none, for wooden shutters keep out the rain and extra sun during the day, and shut us off from the exterior darkness of the night, keeping out, or trying to do so, a host of winged insects, mostly of the mosquito family, who claim a night's lodging at the expense of all thin-skinned comers and delicate children. The doors of the mansion are fairly framed, but most roughly finished, made of the coarsest timber, all alive with evil or angry-looking knots.

Some little love of ornamental art peeps out or manifests itself in the carving of the barge-board, to use an English-Gothic term, or that piece of slanting wood covering the edge of the roof-boards at the gable end. This board is often well designed

² The Dutch, our former colonists, made an excellent hard building brick, as their bridges and some other structures help to prove. The secret seems to have partly died out with them. Rent out the colony to the Americans, for a fortnight say, and bricks made on the spot would be in the market to-morrow afternoon!

and ably executed or cut out, though the design is never original, for the African here, unlike the aboriginal Indian not far distant, is not a designing character—take the expression which way you will—and, as a rule, exhibits but little art or originality. An Indian would carve his paddle, and scratch cunning devices on his drinking-bowl, decorate his goblet, and the Kensington Loan Museum would covet and catalogue paddles and drinking-bowl, goblets, and all, while the African out here would never dream of scratching a line or making a curve or colouring a straw.

These small African buildings, like their more favoured rivals in town, stand or are stilted some two feet or more above the mud floor on which they stand—thus preventing them from being floated away when the rain-floods come, though often in the country the houses stand for days quite isolated, on account of the waters all around them.

When the space below the house—call it basement—is to be turned to use, the house is stilted much higher, thus affording shelter to the pig and goat and feathered live stock, and also furnishing useful storage room for wash-tub and board, pestle and mortar, and other useful domestic articles; open, however, on all sides to the four winds of heaven, and open also to the serious objection of being a receptacle for all manner of useless lumber and unwholesome rubbish, in the shape of old bones, cracked bottles, plantain stalks, and cocoanut husks, to say nothing of broken ware of all sorts and sizes, of noble or ignoble usage.

Wooden steps lead us to the door, always in the centre of the building. No knocker is there, much less a bell; besides, the door is always open, so in you go, and quickly a black lady of cheerful countenance, of fair weight, it may be, and of ample form, welcomes you; and quickly, too, run from her big basketful three or more of her smiling little ones, all fresh and dripping from the soup-bowl, ready to shake your hand, or show you how much they love you—*nolens volens*.

You take a chair, if chair there be; if not, removing some sharp fish-bones, for obvious reasons, from some inverted box, you take a seat thereon, and intend to talk and be amiable at once; but lo!—before you are quite conscious that Cinderella has soiled your hand with her soup-stained fingers, you have been sent in spirit some four thousand miles and more away, for straight before you a pictured screen has brought you face

to face with England's Prime Minister, or the Princess Alice, all smiling at you, or you are gazing in disgust at the fat ox that gained the last cattle prize, and muttering to yourself, "Cruelty to animals," and then a house all burning, or a sinking ship, till the longitudinal and transverse sections of an exploded boiler arrest your attention. And then the last newly elected Member of Parliament is there; not, by the bye, the one that should be elected, to help on and study the interests of the Demerara colony, to speak eloquently about sugar duties or its planting, and to please them much by pronouncing emphatically all beet-root to be poison. Our colonial representative is not there *as yet*; but other things there are, from the last discovered piece of Roman pavement to the *Illustrated London News'* everlasting game of chess, where White has the advantage, and checkmates in three moves. All this is mixed up too with Sunday and other readings, and pasted over here and there with the yellow oval advertisement from off the pale ale bottle, or pretty paper circles from empty cotton reels.

Recovering from your distraction on returning from your distant wanderings, and being more or less ashamed of your rudeness, you try to atone for it with her ladyship, who, with mouth and eyes wide open, has been gazing on you all the time, and you politely ask her where she got all these pretty pictures from, expatiating at the same time on her great taste and love of art. "Me, massa," she answers; "Missy gib them me when me went down to Georgetown to wash de house out for she. To tell de truth, missy gibe me more, but rat eat him, and eat piccany's prayer-book too, one time; rat he too bad, massa." Being a bit of a linguist you understand her well, and of course are much concerned about the book, when little Fungus, catching up the last note, comes up and says: "Rat, bad rat, eat up me prayer-book! Rat he too bad!"

Now wiping your greasy fingers and begging fair Cinderella to keep her little hands off your knees, and double if possible her distance, you continue your personal observation or house inspection. Should you be a bit of a naturalist, it may amuse you and distract you once again to follow with your eyes the long-legged marabunte as he wings his way past you, and rather too close for your liking. He is busy some five feet or more above your head building three, four, or even more mud houses, some circular in form, like the dome of St. Paul's, wherein to lodge his shortly-expected family. In and out he flies, bringing

each time a tiny daub of mud, the building material of his choice. Before, however, he has quite finished his dome, or sealed it up, he introduces a slender green worm, to serve, it would seem, as larder for the children when they become conscious of their blissful existence, and when they feel the pangs of hunger. This species of marabunte is called often the mason bee or fly, on account of its building powers or propensities. You must not disturb the marabunte in its work, for wasp-like, and true wasp he is, he will sting you sharply, causing much pain and perpetual remembrance, as the writer of these words can verily testify. Indeed, with some the sting brings fever. If tired of gazing above, cast your inquisitive eyes below, and there you may see a long meandering line of little ants in Indian file moving quickly towards the mangled carcass of a lately departed cockroach, and actively employed in disjointing his every limb and carrying off tit-bits for their children's supper.

Or again, without much scrutiny, you may perceive at no very great distance from you a spider of gigantic size, measuring from three to four inches or more from leg to leg. Kill him not, even if you can, for he is to be encouraged and not destroyed. He is a useful domestic scavenger and murderer of all intruding cockroaches; besides, he is not aggressive, and turns out of his white silken bag at times two hundred piccaninny spiders to carry on his useful trade later on in life.

These insect-things may at first interest some Europeans, while no doubt to many they are always unwelcome visitors and horrid vermin, but after all said, that is not the worst of it. Snakes, even camudi snakes, have been known to take refuge in these houses with full intent to murder; while the centipedes of smaller build are by no means exceptional or welcome visitors. But the good stout landlady, while she draws the line at serpents and centipedes, is large-hearted and extremely hospitable, and her house is "Liberty Hall" for bats and bees, butterflies and birds, should they ambition to build or abide therein.

The sleeping apartment of these small dwellings is divided off from the sitting-room or hall by the pictured or canvas screen, and contains a bed spacious enough for the "Seven Sleepers" of Martyrology renown, or almost as large as the big Bed of Ware, for it fills up the whole space, though probably the screen is made to shift or budge a bit when night-time comes, for the benefit of the slumberers. The sitting-room is not devoid of furniture, and generally possesses one pet

piece in the shape of a half-polished side-board. This a Curiosity Museum might almost covet, for it contains an odd variety of things, from the greasy bent candlestick to Rebecca's brass crushed thimble, while there are also to be seen cracked cups without saucers, glasses blue and red, inverted tumblers of all sizes and of divers thickness, varnished calabashes and painted crab-backs, slips of dried orange-peel, wide-mouthed bottles containing green-heart seeds, nuts, and curious roots, all of much supposed medical virtue. There too lies young Pompey's last prize-book, all torn, and tempting the rats. There her ladyship's black pipe; while as far as the surface space allows of, little ornaments of men and women in pot-ware, such as grace the mantelpieces of the poor in England, stand about unconscious that baby has knocked off all their heads. So much for the well-furnished side-board. A large locked box below contains, neatly folded up, the entire wardrobe of the family, saving what is just then and there upon their backs and shoulders.

Water goblets, of Indian make and classic form, stand two and three together on the window-sill or on the ground. A stick or so of curious curve, or the "supple Jack," or an umbrella stick of ancient date, stands up in the corner. A chair or an accommodating box is there, and not unfrequently an antiquated sofa without the stuffing, having once seen better days in much bigger houses. And the Tamarind rod is there, or its strap-like equivalent, ever free from dust and cobwebs! Furthermore, the lady of the house may have imprisoned in a tin cage a noisy parrot, and if her fancies so incline her, she may have, moreover, increased her family circle by the addition of a little monkey, chained to prevent him doing as much mischief as the baby. Poor Rebecca's glass beads were given to the copper-coloured Indian in part exchange for master monkey. So much for the room and its contents.

Now making to the door, and descending with care and caution the three or more wooden steps, all strewn with empty cotton-reels and children's toys, and rendered dangerous on account of mango-stones and slippery plantain-skins, and rendered, by-the-bye, far more dangerous still when her ladyship of some sixteen stone joins company with you. You light with one foot upon an inverted frying-pan, the other upon a brick! while the living sixteen stone makes a decided impression in the mud! and then, all freed from fear, you turn round to survey the premises, or garden grounds—generally called "yard." There is not

much care or culture here, the paling long since has paid the penalty of being wood, and has been partly changed into fuel to keep the pot a-boiling, while unscrupulous neighbours have stolen much for similar purposes.

Pumpkin-creepers may be seen straggling all about, bearing at intervals their heavy fruit, and climbing up bush or broken branches placed there to dry the clothes upon.

A few sugar-canæs may group themselves in some odd corner, nodding to the wind, and tempting strange boys to come and taste and try how sweet they are, for it is the only *cane* that gives them any consolation in their younger days.

There, too, the bright-green plantain luxuriously flourishes, sending forth with such vigour its long, split silken leaves, quite gigantic in their size, waving them in the wind or gracefully bending them at the slightest breeze, while from each succulent stem a huge and heavy bunch of finger-shaped fruit in profusion hangs.

Of tropical plants there are few to compare in general beauty of foliage to the plaintain and banana, producing leaves so large and green and yet so delicate and graceful.³ These two plants, though of the same genus, seem to possess the same specific difference we recognize between the hard winter or baking pear and the soft summer jargonelle. The banana has something of the flavour even of this latter fruit, while the other is rather in taste like a raw potato, and like it cries out loud for cooking. The plantain consequently ranks as a vegetable; the banana as a fruit. The plantain, moreover, is the African's main support, the corn of this country where wheaten corn will not grow.

But to return to our garden. Some cocoanut trees grow there too, leaning all about, for unlike most of the palm-tree tribe, they persistently refuse to grow upright.

Where industry is at work many other things can be made easily to grow. For instance, cassava, from whence bread and starch is made, yams, purple and white, sweet potatoes, all yellow, and no relation whatever to the European potato, tanias, garden eggs, ochros, black-eye peas, &c.; but the African does not show his industry that way, or make the most of the good things God has given him, so unlike in this respect is he to

³ A plantain leaf will measure ten feet in length and some eighteen inches in width. A good bunch of plantains is as much as a man can easily carry. Its value is from a shilling upwards.

the thirsty Frenchman who turns all things to good account, and as the saying is, will make an excellent soup of a few stones, provided you give him a little piece of meat and a herb or so to flavour them with.

To procure, however, some of the more dainty plants for dinner use, or flavour purpose, much trouble is taken and wonderful preparations are made. Every empty box or oil can, every leaky saucepan, or broken pot, or spoutless jug, or damaged vessel half hidden and of suspicious origin, is preserved, and one and all they are all brought together, piled upon boards, and supported by barrels close to the steps filled with well-nourished earth, and then planted with the pot-luxuries of African life. There grows the red pepper and yellow pepper, tomatoes, parsley, thyme, celery, and sage, tufts of lemon grass for fever purposes, cochineal plants for cooling poultices, aloes, and a host of little herbs, as fancy might demand or taste or cookery require. Nor are bright and forest flowers neglected: they too fix their delicate roots in many an empty biscuit box, sardine or salmon tin, and the choice rose-bud or pink is picked from these and placed in David's button-hole when he takes his walk on a Sunday morning, thinking of his soul, or goes on Monday evening to the dignity ball in town, thinking of something else!

We have done the house, sleeping rooms, steps, and all, and the gardens too, with the vegetables and dinner herbs, pots and pans. But where is the kitchen? for we have seen no trace of it, nay, not a chimney-pot in view. Answer: There is none. But little Cinderella had her fingers deep and dirty in a round calabash of soup, when so persistently she shook your hand and soiled your clothes. Whence came that delicious soup? Not indeed from a kitchen range or patent gas stove, it is true; for we have to inform our readers that out here all ordinary cooking is done in the open air, and by means of a simple coal-pot, manufactured, we are told, in Birmingham, and made and expressly exported for the out-door-cooking race. The coal-pot in form is somewhat like a huge squat iron egg-cup, having its base or stand open, to allow free draught of air. A grating divides the cup from this stand or base; live charcoal (for no coals have we) is laid upon the grating, and then comes the meat-pot or fish-pan, then the food, and a little fanning does the rest. Now, the fire fairly lighted, into the saucepan, like into Macbeth's witches' cauldron, all manner of things are put.

First, the skinned plantains go toppling in ; then follows by way more of flavouring than of food, a quarter of a pound of salt fish, or it may be a piece of pork instead ; then red peppers are brought, and a voice doth say, "Put that in ;" and an onion—put that in too ; and though no eye of weasel, or ear of bat, or such-like dainties help to season the African's pot, a good hot and wholesome dish is turned out, more than enough to tempt a second Esau should a birth-right question arise just then. The advantages of the coal-pot system, *versus* fire-place, range, or patent stove, is that while the coal-pot takes but little room, requires no fender, seeks no hearth, it can so readily be moved from place to place to suit the wind, and even find entrance into the room to avoid the rain.

The dinner from off the coal-pot is not served up *à la Russe*, though in one sense it may be considered so, for one dish at a time is served, but that is because there is but one dainty dish to serve. Plates and spoons are used by the elders, while the youngsters do as their first little brothers Cain and Abel did. Judging from the strength of the men, the width of the women, and the health of the children, the food that supports them must be solid and good as well as wholesome, both muscle-making and flesh-producing. It is not niggardly given out, nor is it sparingly stowed away.

One dish, particularly their own *spécialité*, ought not to be passed over in utter silence. It is called "foo-foo." From whence the name comes no one can tell. It is thus made : a mortar of very hard wood of ten inches wide, generally of the green-heart timber, is procured, and indeed forms a necessary article of domestic furniture ; into this mortar some three or four boiled plantains are placed, and then, with a heavy stick some six feet long, something like a cannon's ram-rod, these plantains are pounded to a pudding-like consistency, the rod being frequently wetted in a calabash of water to prevent its sticking ; for the "foo-foo" mixture is of a very sticky nature. It is of a yellow-ochre colour, much in appearance like to the old-fashioned pease-pudding. "Foo-foo" is much eaten and well relished by the African, and even by those of fairer skin it is not always despised.

While wheaten bread is the ordinary bread, when bread at all is eaten, the Cassava bread very often in the country takes its place. It is made from the gratings of the root of the Cassava plant, a pretty shrub of delicate and slender growth.

The bread is formed into round cakes of some eighteen inches in diameter, baked upon a large flat iron plate under which the fire has been introduced. It claims from its look, you would say, first or second cousinship with our Lancashire oatmeal cakes. It is crisp, and in thickness is about the same; the taste, too, is not altogether different from it. It finds its way on to the tables of the great at times, and, when toasted crisp and lightly buttered, it eats well with cheese.

So much, then, for bread or cakes; and now for water. This is the ordinary drink of the good African man, unadulterated with either wine or whisky or any of those things which in the present age help to make men mad, and spoil and degrade the labouring classes of flourishing towns. The African black man can read stronger lessons to the enlightened English, Scotch, and Irish man than can be read in Exeter Hall by many a white man just then sober, may be, but who once had been "the lamentable example" to the contrary. Sugar and water is the black man's "coffee" in the morning; later on he may invest a penny, if he chance to have one, and buy a cocoanut and drink its pint of cool and nourishing water. There are no bubbling wells, or sparkling springs, or running streams or rivers of clear water in that part of the colony where men mostly do congregate; for where the large rivers just run or make their exit into the sea, the waters are brackish, while the sluggish streams of water coming from the interior, and running through dense bush and leafy forests, are in colour like to the best French coffee. They are not indeed disagreeable to the taste, but troublesome to the stomach. In consequence of the earth's refusal to give us water, we look up to Heaven and thankfully gather that which during the rainy season falls down in bucketsful upon our roofs, and collect or run it all into large tanks and vats, while the poor make the most of barrels and unused wash-tubs. So precious is this gift from Heaven that, when the dry season is near at hand, the tanks and vats and butts are put under lock and key. This water—rain water as it is—is all that could be desired: sparkling, tasteless, pleasant, and most wholesome.

But we have been wandering wide: let us return to our little home and grounds, or rather, having seen all that is there, shaking hands with the stout lady and delighting young Fungus with a penny, the first he ever handled, let us retrace our steps, or try to take a short cut, keeping our feet as best we can upon turned-down cocoa-nut husks, broken bricks, and slippery beer

bottles. These latter are supplied in plenty from the nearest manager's house!—for the good stout lady washes for the manager, and gets the bottles always empty for her perquisites. Trusting then to these, we pick our way, all stumbling mid mud and water in fear and trembling, until we reach the edge of the trench, where new and appalling difficulties stare us in the face. A slender piece of wood, four inches wide, conducts from one side of the trench to the public road the other. We mutter to ourselves, "I am not a Blondin, of tight-rope renown; I cannot dance across that slender pole; and if I were to attempt it, and to fall, I am no Webb for swimming, or equal even to the web-footed tribe," so turning away, we follow the bank, till a strong bridge of many planks offers to conduct us safe to the other side; so over we go, and soon are on *terra firma*, or more properly and quite strictly speaking, on *terra cotta*, for the road is formed of burnt earth, and is of a bright red colour, contrasting and harmonizing with the surrounding brilliant foliage, and forming a hard, dry, and excellent road where velocipedes and centipedes may run their race together; for rude, destructive nature and modern scientific art, like "Beauty and the Beast," are to be found side by side out in these semi-civilized parts.

(*To be continued.*)

*A Seeker after Truth in Science and Religion.*¹

Two centuries have now elapsed since the remains of Nicholas Stensen, arrayed in the pontifical vestments, were laid in their temporary resting-place in the Protestant Cathedral of Mecklenburg. Of this man his biographer says that "Denmark is proud to reckon him amongst her noblest and greatest sons; science claims him as one of her ablest explorers, Italy boasts of having led him to the Church, and Germany reveres in him a valiant champion of Catholicism in her northern provinces." And yet his name is familiar to few except men of science, and even they are probably unacquainted with the details of his life—one of no ordinary type, both as regards external vicissitudes and interior experiences. Stensen's career, as it is set before us in the very able and interesting monograph for which we are indebted to Father Plenkers, is sharply divided into two parts: his life as a scientist, and his life as a priest; the world would say, his successful and his unsuccessful life, his life of wisdom and his life of folly, but the judgment formed by the children of light is a widely different one.

Little is known of Stensen's childhood, but from the fact that on entering the University of his native town, Copenhagen, at the age of eighteen, he could read and write six languages in addition to his own, besides possessing no mean acquaintance with Hebrew and Greek, it may be concluded that his studies had not been neglected. The University of Copenhagen, founded in pre-Reformation times, was at the time of which we speak (1656), entirely Lutheran, and offered little attraction to students; there were, however, some men of ability and learning among the professors, the lectures on anatomy and medicine were good, and Stensen was soon the most distinguished of the students. After three years' residence he went, as was the fashion of Danish students at that time, to

¹ *Der Däne Niels Stensen. Ein Lebensbild nach den Zeugnissen der Mit- und Nachwelt, entworfen von Wihl. Plenkers, S.J. Freiburg, 1884.*

prosecute his studies in Holland. Almost as soon as he began to handle the dissecting-knife, he made an important discovery, that of a passage in the throat, since named after him, Steno's duct (*ductus stenonianus*). This first discovery led to others, and it has been said that in the course of a few years, there was not a single part of the body on whose structure and functions he did not throw light. These brilliant discoveries excited jealousy and involved him in disputes with some of his contemporaries, who sought to detract from his merits by claiming the discoveries as their own, though in one or two instances Stensen, who was not very well read, did imagine that he had struck a new path, where others had already passed before him. But he was exceedingly modest, and although he quickly outstripped his teachers, and won great fame, he was undazzled by success and made light of his discoveries, explaining them in so simple and straightforward a manner that it seemed strange that they had escaped the observation of his predecessors. A lecture which he delivered at Paris before an assembly of physicians began with these words: "Gentlemen, instead of satisfying your desire for greater knowledge concerning the anatomy of the brain, I must commence by honestly acknowledging that I know nothing about it." And yet this very lecture modern anatomists have declared to be the foundation of much of their knowledge concerning this important organ. His persevering energy, patient application, and powerful talents compelled nature to deliver up the key to one after another of her secrets; vivisection was of the greatest aid to his investigations, though he practised it reluctantly, only tolerating it on account of its undeniable usefulness. "I abhor," he says, "inflicting torture on the poor brutes, yet it is indispensable, in order to elucidate much that is otherwise inexplicable. I wish I could believe with the Cartesian philosophers that the lower animals have no soul, and feel no more when their nerves are touched and severed than a machine whose cords are pulled and cut."

Nor was Stensen less successful in another department of natural science, geology. This science was then in its infancy; under his guidance it entered upon a new phase of existence. It is not too much to say that the services he rendered to subsequent students were as great in this branch of study as in anatomy, and won him more laurels from posterity. He was one of those geniuses who are in advance of their age, whose work is scarcely appreciated by their contemporaries,

and whose most valuable discoveries do not rank as scientific truth until after their death. The formation and position of the different strata, the inequalities of the earth's surface, the presence of animal remains, crystals, marine shells &c., in the various deposits, formed the subject of several treatises published by him; and his opinions, sound and legitimate conclusions from fact and observation, are quoted as an authority in the present day. But his labours on behalf of science, labours undertaken without a thought of vainglory, in all simplicity and humility, with the single object of advancing useful knowledge and thereby benefiting his fellow-men, were to meet with a higher reward than the vain plaudits of an astonished and admiring world.

In 1666, Stensen was practising as a physician in Florence. He was not yet thirty, but he had attained the pinnacle of his fame; he had achieved an European reputation, and the world of science was at his feet. Denmark, the land of his birth, was longing to see him fill the Chair of Anatomy in her University of Copenhagen; Italy, the land of his adoption, was delighted to add his name to the long list of illustrious men in the Florentine annals. No one can say that unsatisfied ambition, or motives of worldly interest prompted him to take the step which was gradually to change the whole aspect of his life.

He had been brought up a firm believer in the Lutheran creed, but his active intelligence was not slow in discovering that it rested on no solid foundation, and was devoid of all the characteristics which distinguish a true Church. What first staggered him was the disunion and the variety of belief existing among Protestants. He had come into contact with many atheists and infidels, but his scientific researches—of which men so often falsely assert that they lead away from God—were his safeguard against scepticism, since his powerful intellect and clear judgment detected in matter unmistakeable signs of the work of an Almighty and omniscient Deity. The first thought that led him to seek for truth in the Catholic religion was one which has suggested itself to many minds.

I happened to be in Leghorn [he writes] on the feast of Corpus Christi. As I looked on while the Sacred Host was carried in solemn procession through the streets, this reflection forced itself on my mind: Either the Host is nothing more than a mere piece of bread, and consequently, these people who pay It all this honour, are deluded

fools; or else It is the true Body of Jesus Christ, and in that case why do not I too bow down to adore It? As these conflicting thoughts arose within me, I felt that I could not on the one hand believe that all the Roman Catholics, the greater part that is, of Christendom, and amongst them so many enlightened and learned men, were the dupes of a lie; nor, on the other hand, could I prevail on myself to condemn the teaching of my youth. And yet there was no other alternative before me but to accept either the Catholic or the Lutheran doctrine. For it is simply impossible for two contradictory propositions to be alike true, and equally impossible for that to be a true religion which on so essential a point of Christian faith has erred, and led her adherents into error.

From that time forward Stensen devoted a part of every day to careful study of the Fathers, and of controversial writings, and became increasingly persuaded of the truth of the Catholic religion. But even when thoroughly convinced, he did not feel constrained to embrace it. The opposition of the intellect was overcome, but his heart was not yet touched. After a delay which taxed the patience of his friends, but did not weary the Holy Spirit, the solicitations of grace were renewed and they finally triumphed.

The King of Denmark, Frederick the Third, had repeatedly summoned Stensen to return to his native country, where a yearly pension of four hundred crowns was secured to him. The royal command could now no longer remain unheeded, and thus in 1669, after completing the publication of a treatise containing the result of his recent researches in geology—discoveries of such immense importance to the science as to merit for him the name of one of the Fathers of geology, and even of *le premier vrai géologue*—he set out on his journey northwards. On arriving in Holland, the altered manner in which he was received made him sensible that his change of faith had changed the feeling of his friends towards him. Instead of meeting him with a warm welcome, they met him with bitter reproaches, and urged him to apostatize. He was soon involved in controversy and disputations, nor did his assailants leave him in peace, when the death of the King of Denmark induced him to return to Italy instead of proceeding to Copenhagen. Three years later, the Chair of Anatomy in Copenhagen University having fallen vacant, Stensen was authoritatively recalled to his native place, as the only man capable of sustaining the credit of the Danish University. His influence soon made

itself felt. The medical students thronged to his lectures. In an eloquent opening address he set forth what effect the study of the marvellous structure of the human frame ought to have on the mind of the student, not tending to cold materialism, but leading him to love and adore the infinite goodness and wisdom of the Creator. However, the students of Copenhagen were not long to benefit by the instructions of their illustrious countryman. The Lutheran authorities could not endure to see a foe in their very citadel—a Catholic occupying a post of influence and honour in their own University; Stensen encountered so much opposition and persecution that after two years he tendered his resignation, and returned to Florence, there to undertake the education of the eldest son of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. His loss to his country was simply irreparable. The then Cardinal Archbishop of Florence thus speaks of Stensen's life before and after his conversion :

If whilst still the misguided adherent of a false sect he not only led an irreproachable life, but was conspicuous for many moral virtues, how much the more, when he became a Catholic, did he propose to himself a strict rule of life, and observe it with such exactness that in a short time he attained to a high degree of Christian perfection, and was known as a man of prayer, one to whom was vouchsafed the gift of tears, and who maintained a constant union with God. He was entirely dead to self.

His great zeal for God's glory and the salvation of souls led him to seek every opportunity of making the acquaintance of Jews and heretics who came to the town on business; through his agreeable manners and really marvellous powers of persuasion, he made several converts, men too of sterling worth, who chose to settle in Florence rather than expose themselves to the risk of apostasy if they returned to their own country. But though he thus won universal esteem and love, it did in no wise alter his lowly opinion of himself. All competent judges concurred in pronouncing him to be by far our best anatomist, one of the foremost philosophers of the day, and a great linguist. He was moreover the chosen tutor of our Prince; and yet so great was his humility that one might be personally acquainted with him for a long time without ever suspecting that the individual who spoke so unassumingly of himself, was a man of any learning at all. In talking to religious, or writing to friends, he always described himself as the most miserable of sinners, for whom all ought to pray. But those who lived with him and knew him best, were ready to attest solemnly that they never detected in him any serious fault.

From this time Stensen gave up his scientific researches.

His Lutheran compatriots bitterly deplored that his "apostasy" had robbed science—especially Danish science—of her most brilliant luminary, as if true religion were incompatible with the pursuit of science. In the principle they were wrong, and yet in this particular instance they were in a certain measure right. He had, as we have seen, rendered eminent service to geology and delivered lectures in medicine since his conversion; but he lost his interest in further research in the realm of natural science. He felt called to something higher; enamoured of the *divina scientia*, he devoted all his energy to the study of theology. As a physician he had alleviated the corporal miseries of men, now he desired as a priest to heal their spiritual diseases. Not that the priest cannot be a man of science; the name of Father Secchi suffices to dispel such an idea; but the first thirty years of Stensen's life had been devoted to the service of science, and he now longed to consecrate the remainder of his days to the exclusive service of that mighty mother whose faithful son he deemed it so great a privilege and happiness to call himself; to lay at her feet not only the laurels of the past, but also to offer up those which future successes might have won for him. In the priesthood he saw the pearl of great price to obtain which he was ready to sacrifice all, and he felt too that, just at the time when the excesses of the Reformation had produced a reaction, and in the hearts of a party amongst the Protestants a wish for reunion with Rome was awakened, his influence and arguments might be useful to assist and enlighten them. He was accordingly ordained priest and devoted himself to writing on theology. His writings are chiefly controversial. They are remarkable for the judgment and moderation they display, but though they created a great sensation at the time, and led to disputations with several leading Protestants, they seem to have been productive of little good, except in the case of a few individual converts.

In 1677, Stensen was consecrated to the see of Titiopolis, *in partibus infidelium*, at the request of the Duke of Hanover, and created Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern Provinces. He appeared destined not to remain long in any place, for scarcely had he fully entered upon his work, before the Archduke died, and was succeeded by his brother, a Protestant, who in the interests of the Evangelical religion, banished the Catholic Bishop from Hanover. Stensen applied to the Holy Father

for instructions as to what he should do, since he was debarred from the exercise of his episcopal functions and could not remain in his diocese. He was nominated suffragan Bishop of Münster. The wave of heresy, which swept over Westphalia, had rolled away, the traces of the disastrous Thirty Years' War were almost obliterated, and the land was then again Catholic. The Prince-Bishop found the work of the diocese in addition to the vast vicariate placed under his care by the Propaganda, almost too much, and there was ample scope for a coadjutor as zealous and fervent as Stensen. But however his zeal and self-abnegation are to be admired, there is no doubt that he was somewhat precipitate, and convert-like, eager to abolish at once undesirable but long-standing customs, to sweep away abuses with too hasty a hand. Hence he often offended those whose manner of life he had occasion to rebuke, and was discouraged to find his efforts for the suppression of error and vice avail little. At one time he was so depressed that a Danish Jesuit, one who had struggled and suffered for the faith in Sweden, and grown grey in apostolic labours, wrote a long letter to encourage him, reminding him that man can but do his best, and leave results to God; that the physician cannot always cure, and we must tolerate evils we cannot reform. The same letter contains an admonition not to expend too lavishly on the poor, to the neglect of what is due to the episcopal dignity, and requisite for the maintenance of the household. It also warns the Bishop against immoderate austerities and severity towards himself and in dealing with others, since, however the observances of the early ages are to be admired, they cannot be imitated now, nor can every one aspire to perfection; and if a priest gets a reputation for excessive rigour and strictness it will be found greatly to interfere with his usefulness.

As far as severity towards himself were concerned, the admonitions of the trusted friend were certainly not unneeded. There is no doubt that Bishop Stensen greatly shortened his life by his mortifications, his frequent fasts, his long vigils. After his removal to Münster the austerities he had practised ever since his ordination were redoubled: a straw mattrass had been his couch, now he slept only a few hours, without undressing, seated in a chair. On four days of the week he did not break his fast until evening, and then partook only of dry bread and meagre soup. In vain the physicians represented to him that he was destroying himself by such a manner of life, he replied with

simplicity that he only sought to do God's will, that it is necessary to do penance and bring the flesh into subjection, and that thousands had done more than he did. The spirit of sacrifice was strong within him, and he desired to make of himself a complete holocaust. The love of poverty induced him whilst a simple priest to appropriate of the forty *scudi* which formed his monthly income, only six for his own maintenance, distributing the remainder in works of charity. When a Bishop, wherever he went he was distinguished by the simplicity and austerity of his life, preferring always to go about on foot rather than use a carriage. His wardrobe was of the poorest, plainest, and scantiest description. In a time of need, having parted with all his valuables, he did not hesitate to sell his episcopal ring for the relief of the poor. A friend who visited him found him without a servant, destitute of the most ordinary comforts, worn, pale, emaciated, but cheerful and almost merry, a source of edification to all who saw him.

It pleased God that towards the end of his life this high-minded and generous man should tread a rough and thorny path; that the cross he had chosen as his portion should be sharp and heavy. His position in Münster was beset with many difficulties; these were increased by the death of the Prince-Bishop, and the election—by means of intrigue—of the Archbishop of Cologne, who was already in possession of three dioceses. Stensen could not approve of the election, and prepared to depart, only consenting to remain on condition that the examination of candidates for ordination was confided to him. This was refused, and after three years spent in Münster, he was again an exile. He had been appointed by the Propaganda Vicar-Apostolic of the whole northern district, and amongst the towns of his vicariate he chose Hamburg for his place of residence. Religion was then at a very low ebb there, and fresh and greater trials awaited him. He found enemies not only among the heretics, but among the Catholics; he came into collision with the Jesuit Fathers, to whom he had always been so well affected; crosses, humiliations, disappointments met him on every side; outward isolation and spiritual desolation were his lot. His labours seemed to produce no results, he was well nigh cast down, and asked permission to return to Italy. Instead of doing so however, he went to Mecklenburg-Schwerin, to found a mission. The Catholics there were few in number, and discipline was greatly relaxed;

mixed marriages were, as ever, a source of much trouble, and the Bishop gave great offence by refusing to admit to the sacraments those parents who brought up their children as Protestants. But ere a year had elapsed, Stensen was again called away, and this time to enter on his eternal rest. The colic, a malady to which he had always been subject, seized upon him, and he felt this attack would be fatal. The only other priest in Mecklenburg, the Duke's chaplain, had died quite recently—in fact his devoted attendance on the sick man had brought on the prelate's illness—and it was necessary to write to Lubeck to summon a Jesuit Father; but communication was slow in those days, and ere he could arrive, Stensen had expired, after five days' illness. Although aware of their uselessness, he took all the remedies prescribed by the physicians, and awaited his end in patience and complete resignation, his only grief being that of dying without the sacraments. He was forty-eight years of age. There were no vestments at hand in which to array him, and it was therefore necessary to wait twelve days until his secretary should arrive with them. During this time, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the atmosphere, no trace of decomposition was perceptible in his remains; on the contrary, his countenance became almost blooming, and far more lovely in death than in life, so much so that some of the Lutherans who came to see the corpse declared that it had been painted, such beauty being quite unnatural. The prelate's remains were interred in the Protestant Cathedral, until somewhat later they were removed to Florence by command of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who defrayed the expenses of burial, as well as some small debts which the deceased Bishop had incurred for the sake of his poorer neighbours. His pectoral cross, his ring, and a few relics were all the property he left.

A life like this needs no comment. Stensen was a seeker after truth in science and in religion, and in both he found it. His life as a scientist testifies to the value of humility and simplicity, since they preserved a man who was young, talented, enthusiastic, successful, from being dazzled by the honours and the glory his genius had won; and his life as a Catholic priest teaches no less plainly the unspeakable value of the truth, that truth which is only found in the Catholic Church, and which is far above all earthly science, however useful, all earthly wisdom, however lofty.

ELLIS SCHREIBER.

Fainthearted.

I STAND where two roads part :
Lord ! art Thou with me in the shadows here ?

I cannot lift my heavy eyes to see.
Speak to me if Thou art !
I tremble, and my heart is cold with fear ;
Dark is the way Thou hast appointed me.

From the bright face of day
It winds far down a valley dark as death,
And shards and thorns await my shrinking feet ;
An icy mist and grey
Comes to me, chilling me with awful breath ;
How canst Thou say Thy yoke is light and sweet ?

Nay, these are pale who go
Down the grey shadows ; each one, tired and worn,
Bearing a cross that galleth him full sore ;
And blood of this doth flow,
And that one's pallid brows are rayed with thorn,
And eyes are blind with weeping evermore.

Still they press onward fast,
And the shades compass them ; now, far away,
I see a great hill shaped like Calvary ;
Will they come there at last ?
A reflex from some far fair perfect day
Touches the high clear faces goldenly.

Ah ! yonder path is fair,
And musical with many singing birds,
Large golden fruit and rainbow-coloured flowers
The wayside branches bear ;
The air is murmurous with sweet love-words,
And hearts are singing through the happy hours.

Nay, I shall look no more.
Take Thou my hands between Thy firm fair hands
And still their trembling, and I shall not weep.
Some day, the journey o'er,
My feet shall tread the still safe evening-lands,
And Thou canst give to Thy belovèd, sleep.

And though Thou dost not speak,
And the mists hide Thee, now I know Thy feet
Will tread the path my feet walk wearily ;
Some day the mists will break,
And sudden looking up, mine eyes shall meet
Thine eyes, and lo ! Thine arms shall gather me.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The created Holiness of Jesus Christ.

IF every incident of the mortal sojourn upon earth of Jesus Christ is of interest to Christian men, of what surpassing interest should not those truths be which concern not merely what He said and did, but what He *was and is*?

A general knowledge of Jesus Christ is possessed by all Christians, but this general knowledge is often vague, and as shadowy as it is slender. Many men have not studied Jesus Christ, or at least have not studied Him with that attention and care, and desire of completeness and perfection in their knowledge, with which they study other objects of their contemplation. Their proficiency in other branches of human knowledge is to their condemnation, and ought to be to their confusion, if it exceeds their proficiency in the knowledge of Jesus *as He is*.

A knowledge of Jesus Christ greater than their knowledge of any other object of knowledge might reasonably be expected from all Christians; an at least equal knowledge is demanded *as due*. From the narrow-brained or uneducated a mere *scientia mediocris*, or catechetical knowledge, is all that can be looked for; but from men of ability and culture, of leisure and learning, a *scientia expolitior*, or a more full and clear, precise and refined knowledge might naturally be expected.

They may answer that theology does not fall within the sphere of their studies, inasmuch as the priesthood is not their profession; but the answer betrays an ignorance at once of the purpose of the priesthood as it is a teaching body, and of the end of theology as it is the science of God. The learning of the people should be the correlative of the teaching of the priesthood; and the measure and character of that learning in individuals should be determined by individual ability for learning in other branches of knowledge. Theology, as it is the science of God, is intended for the study, not of some, but of all men, in a manner corresponding to the circumstances

and capacities of each ; for God is the highest object of every man's contemplation and knowledge, and He has moreover declared that He "wills all men to come to knowledge of the truth," and in that knowledge to be made "wise unto salvation." The Only-Begotten who is in the Bosom of the Father hath declared to men the Father, and has said that for men it is life everlasting to know the one and only true God, and Jesus the Christ whom He has sent. It is the business of man's life on earth to "learn Christ," and to be found in Him, and on what man *knows* and *is* his destiny for eternity depends.

It is sometimes argued that an intimate or scientific knowledge of Jesus Christ is purely speculative or doctrinal, that it is not practical, and has no practical bearing on the Christian life, which is a moral rather than an intellectual life.

But with this contention also we join issue, and maintain that the moral is founded in the intellectual, and that the practical supposes the speculative. We might go farther and say that intellectual study of God is in itself most moral, and is of all studies most practical. We content ourselves, however, for the present with this, that while we might know Jesus Christ without loving Him, we cannot possibly love Him without knowing Him, and that the measure of our love of Him must depend on the measure of our knowledge of His loveableness.

Most Christians will cordially agree, while all Christians must allow, that that which from the Christian point of view is most loveable is—holiness. But not all Christians, and not even all cultured Christians, have a clear conception of what holiness precisely is, and much less could they give adequate expression to the idea of holiness.

The holiness of Jesus Christ sets before us not only holiness as it is in Him—but holiness as it is in its source—and as it is also in ourselves. He is God and He is Man. He is the Uncreated, and He possesses a created nature. He is Uncreated Holiness, and He has a created, human holiness.

In order to our understanding therefore of His holiness under all its aspects, we must consider four points :

1. Holiness as it is in God.
2. Holiness as it is in man.
3. The holiness of Jesus Christ in Himself as He is the Incarnate Word.

4. His holiness as He is the Head of His Mystical Body, and the source of holiness to all its members.

1. Holiness in God is the Divine Essence itself, formally as that Essence is the Infinite Love of the Infinite Good, with infinite rest and blessedness in this Infinite Good.

Holiness in God is not a quality or an accident, or a super-added perfection, but is the Divine Essence itself. God is simple in His Being, and He is a pure Act, that is to say, in God there are no parts and no potentialities, for God is absolutely perfect, and parts and potentialities denote imperfection; the potential, for instance, being necessarily and of its nature imperfect as compared with the actual of which it is the potential.

We speak of *attributes* in God, and of holiness as an attribute of God, but this is by reason of the narrowness of our comprehension, and it arises also from the mode in which we arrive at a knowledge of God. We ascend to our knowledge of the Creator from our contemplation of the creature. In the creature we behold perfections which are in themselves manifold, and distinct one from the other, as they are also distinct from its essence. They inhere or cleave to the creature as qualities or modes of its being, and they are therefore accidental and not necessary to it. They may be present or they may be absent, and if absent the creature does not cease to be in its essence that which it is. A human being may cease to have wisdom or love, or goodness or holiness, and yet it remains a human being. These perfections are in a human being not substantial, and therefore not necessary. They are not identified with its essence, so that the absence of them would be equivalent to annihilation of that essence. But in God all those perfections to which we give the name of attributes are identified and one with, and *are*, His Essence.

Our multiplication of the Divine attributes, and the composition in our idea of God, is necessitated not by the reality as it is in God, but by the impotence of our understanding to grasp more than one idea at a time, and by the fact that the only ideas that are possible to us are the ideas that come to us from our contemplation of the creature. We can contemplate God only *under aspects*, and our aspects are measured and limited, as they are coloured by the conditions of the creature from which we derive them. When, therefore, we consider what we call an attribute of God, we are considering God in His one,

simple Divine Essence under an aspect which corresponds to our notion of some particular perfection which we have recognized in the creature. When we consider another attribute of God we are considering the self-same Divine Essence in its simplicity and entirety under another aspect, which also is as imperfect as its source, and as is our understanding. Hence our knowledge of God is only *analogous*. Our conception of God is true and proper, so far as it goes, but it is not adequate. The Creator is reflected in His creature, and the reflection is true, but it is limited by the finiteness of the creature's powers to reflect. Some creatures we see to be wise, and some to be loveable and loving, and some to be good, and some to be holy. Our reason tells us that these qualities are perfections, and it farther leads us to trace such perfections to their source, and by mentally removing the imperfection of the finite, to conceive them as existing infinitely in God.

We may best and most briefly put the difference between the accidental, contingent, and finite perfections of the creature, and the substantial and necessary infinite perfection of the Divine Creator, by saying that what the creature *has* God *is*.

The creature may have or *has* wisdom, *has* love and loveableness, *has* goodness, *has* holiness—God must be and *is* Wisdom, *is* Love and Loveableness, *is* Goodness, *is* Holiness.

This is what we mean when we say that His holiness is *essential*, or when, in other words, we speak of the *substantial sanctity* of God.

2. Holiness in man is a certain supernatural *deiformity*, or conformity to God as He is Essential Holiness, by a participation, such as the creature is capable of receiving, of God's love of His own Essence as It is the Infinite Good.

This love in man requires, in accordance with the essential law of man's being, a previous knowledge of that Supreme Good. This knowledge as well as the love to which it leads being supernatural, an elevation of man's nature is necessary. As are the acts, so must be the agent. The agent must be contained within the same order as the act, and if the act is to be supernatural, the agent must be supernaturalized. If the act is to transcend the powers of nature, the agent must be raised above the level of mere nature, and powers must be superadded to those of nature. Holiness in man has its root in an assimilation of man's nature, so far as the conditions

of the created will permit, to the Divine Nature; and it has its effect in a conformity of the man in his habits and acts to the Divine substantial holiness, which is, as we have seen, the Divine Essence as It is the Infinite Love of the Infinite Good, with rest and blessedness in that Infinite Good. This rest can be found only in that highest participation of the Divine Holiness of which the creature is capable, or, in other words, in that highest *love* of the Infinite Good of which the creature is capable, and this highest love again depends on possession of that highest *knowledge* of the Infinite Good of which the creature is capable. This knowledge is not the *analogous* knowledge of the present, but is the *intuitive* knowledge of the future. Now there is no proportion between this intuitive knowledge of God, and man's nature, or that which constitutes and is required and suffices to constitute man as such, that is, as a human being. This knowledge and man's nature are not contained within the same order, and therefore man cannot by the powers of nature attain to this knowledge. But man's knowledge and love, or holiness in the future, is contingent on man's knowledge and love, or holiness in the present. If he is to arrive at future holiness he must first possess present holiness. The two are correlatives, both are contained within the same order, and that order being above the order of nature, both are above nature, and are therefore called *supernatural*.

The supernatural perfection of the present which is super-added to the natural perfections of man's nature is, inasmuch as it is not due to nature in order to its natural completeness, called *grace*—inasmuch as it is not transient but abiding, after the manner of a habit, it is called *habitual* grace—and inasmuch as it makes man holy, it is called habitual *sanctifying* grace, or that grace the possession of which makes its possessor holy.

The glory in the future, of which this grace is the correlative in the present, is also sanctifying, and those who possess it are therefore called saints, or holy beings. They are so called to distinguish them from those who are holy here on earth. These are as yet on their probation, and in the state only of the way, and they may, by falling from that moral rectitude of which the Divine Holiness is the essential norm, lose the grace which they have received. The saints, on the other hand, who are no longer on the way, but have reached their end, and who intuitively behold the Divine Essence as It is the Infinite Good, can never cease to love It, and cleave to It in love, and so can

never diverge from that norm of moral rectitude which is the Divine substantial Holiness—the Infinite Love of the Infinite Good. Therein they rest, in their beatific vision and fruition. Their grace in the past was a first beginning, a seed or root, an earnest and a pledge of their present glory; and so in like manner their glory is grace in its ultimate completeness and final perfection. Glory is the crown of grace, and it might be described as the flower of grace in the fulness of its bloom.

3. Jesus Christ as the Incarnate Word is a Divine Person who possesses two natures—the Divine nature and a human nature. The two natures meet and are wedded in the unity of one Divine Person, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Word and consubstantial Son of God. His human nature, personally assumed by Him, is as personally possessed by Him as is His Divine nature. It is the second of the two natures of the personal Word, and that Word is God, and therefore His human nature is a nature of God, and thus is—*deified*. There is in Him no mingling of the two natures—no alloy of the Divine nature by Its union with the human nature—and no absorption of the human nature into the Divine nature. The two natures remain in their entirety, and each with its own perfections. The human nature, as such, has not become the substantial Divine Holiness, although in virtue of the substantial union of the human nature with the Divine nature in a Divine Person, He, as He is the Incarnate Word—or, in other words, the Man Jesus Christ—is said to be infinitely holy, and is the substantial Divine Holiness itself.

Further, the human nature of the Word, or the Sacred Humanity, as thus *deified*, is not only necessarily sinless, but is the object of supreme Divine complacency, and this in order to Its attainment of beatific vision and enjoyment. To this It has right in virtue of Its deification through the personal union, and this It connaturally demands as due to It as It is a nature of the Word.

But besides being Himself the substantial Divine Holiness, the Man Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word has a created and finite holiness. His human Soul was adorned with created habitual sanctifying grace, and the faculties of His human Soul were elevated by means of those permanent habits, the infused virtues which are annexed to habitual grace.

This sanctification of His human Soul by means of grace is

specifically the same as the sanctification of our own souls, although it differs in its foundation and root, which is the hypostatic union. It differs consequently also in its degree, which corresponds to that root, and so immeasurably transcends all degrees of sanctification of mere creatures.

As regards the *mode* of this sanctification, the Eternal Word or His Divinity was not and could not be the form which sanctified His human nature by inhering or cleaving thereto as its formal sanctity. The state, however, of infinite elevation of that human nature which in the Incarnation of the Word became a true nature of the Word, demanded the highest formal perfection and *deiformity* that is possible in the present order. This in the rational creature is effected by means of grace and supernatural habits, of all of which the end and, as it were ultimate termination is in beatific vision and enjoyment. As therefore to the Sacred Humanity in virtue of the hypostatic union, or, in other words, as to Jesus Christ,—who in His human nature and as Man, as well as in His Divine nature and as God is Son of God *by nature*, and not by adoption,—beatific vision and enjoyment is due; so is there also due to His Sacred Humanity, or to Him as Man, that perfection, by means of grace inhering to His human nature, which at least according to ordinary law is presupposed to the final glory. This grace was therefore not the fruit and reward of merits, but was a supernatural adornment which was connatural to the dignity of the nature as assumed by the Son of God. It was therefore bestowed in order to satisfy what this dignity of that nature demanded.

As regards the *measure* of sanctifying grace thus due, there was bestowed on the Sacred Humanity the whole plenitude or fulness of grace which in accordance with the Divine counsel can be bestowed in the present order on any created being. To say that this fulness of grace was not infinite, is simply to say that grace is a created gift, and as such, like every created thing and possible creature, must necessarily be finite. It was indeed given “not by measure,” but in this sense that as much was given as a created nature is capable of receiving in the present order of things, and that whatsoever belongs to the idea of created grace Jesus Christ received whole and entire, and not in part as do others on whom grace is bestowed.

From this fulness of grace and gifts and supernatural habits in His human understanding and will, and from that completeness of its perfection which excludes all progress or increase, it follows that beatific vision and enjoyment was also connatural to Jesus Christ, and that in the instant of the Incarnation. As did grace in its fulness, so did also that crown of grace which is glory in that instant flow from the Word to the human nature which in that instant He made personally and for ever His own. It did so not of physical necessity, but as morally demanded and due. In the moment that the foundations were laid did the edifice receive its crown—in the moment that the seed was sown there sprang forth *in odorem suavitatis* the perfect flower—in the moment that the fountains of the great deep were opened the streams of grace in the fulness of glory were making glad the City of our God.

When St. Luke says that Jesus *increased* in grace, he refers to the increasing *manifestations* of His grace, which corresponded with His increase in age. His grace was said to increase because it became daily more and more *conspicuous* to those who beheld and marvelled at His words and actions.

These actions were free and infinitely meritorious, not of an increase of grace or of essential glory for Himself, for so far as these were concerned He was consummated from the beginning, but of the exaltation of His human Name, and the glorification of His Sacred Humanity, which was for a season to be subject to the law of suffering and death, in accordance with the Divine economy of man's redemption. They were meritorious also of all the graces and gifts which belong to the supernatural order, and which, at least since the Fall, have been or will be bestowed on one and all of the members of the human race of which He is Head.

4 His grace as He is Head is none other than the grace of the hypostatic union, and His fulness of created grace in its relation to His creatures, and chiefly to His rational creatures.

By the grace of the hypostatic union, human nature, which is in itself and essentially inferior to the angelic nature, was raised far above all other created things. In virtue of that grace the value of His merits was infinite, and there belonged to Him moreover that supremacy of power to which all creatures are made subject.

His grace as He is the Head homogeneous with the members

of His Body, is *created* grace, with which the grace that flows to and is infused into them is homogeneous. By means of this created grace also He merited grace for His members, although the *infinite* value of His merits was due, not to this grace, but to the grace of the hypostatic union, or, in other words, to the Divine Person, who, in and by means of His human nature, anointed with created, habitual, sanctifying grace, did the meritorious works.

When we regard Jesus Christ as Head by reason of the perfection of His *dignity*, which is supreme in the order of the created, in which "in all things He has the primacy"—or when again we regard Him as Head by reason of His *power of dominion*, whereby He is King and Lord and Ruler of all things—we see that all created things whatsoever are subject unto Him. But when we regard Him as Head by reason of the virtue and *influence for sanctification*, or making holy, which flows from Him, we say that He is not Head of His irrational creatures, because they are incapable of sanctification or holiness; and that He is rather their Lord and Ruler who disposes them in order to the good of His rational creatures.

Similarly, He is not in this sense Head of the demons or of the damned. They are subject to His power as He is their Lord and Judge, not by a loyal homage of their wills, but against their wills and by force, and not in order to their blessedness, but for their direst punishment. Still less are they His members by any derivation from Him to them of grace and supernatural life, of which they are eternally incapable.

He is certainly Head of the angels, who with His saints belong to the Church triumphant of the first-born. But in a more intimate way is He Head of the human members of the Church which is His Body. He is one in nature with His angels *generically*, inasmuch as theirs is an intellectual nature; but He is one in nature with men *specifically*, inasmuch as He assumed a human nature. As in Him, so in them—as in the Head, so in the Body as a whole and in every member thereof, we discern the visible and the invisible, the visible or material part as that which is to be perfected, the invisible or formal principle as that which perfects it. The visible and the invisible are found united in all that belongs to the hierarchy and government and magisterial power of the Church, and in all that concerns the priesthood, with its powers of sacrifice and of sanctification by means of sacraments. The visible and the

invisible are found in the Divine Sacrifice itself, and in the sacraments and throughout the Divine worship in all its ceremonies and liturgical acts. In the properties and notes which distinguish the Church of Christ, its Unity, Holiness, Catholicity, and Apostolicity, we find the same union of the visible and the invisible; and we find it also in the individual members of the one Body who are sanctified by actual and habitual grace, by faith and hope and charity, and by the movements and indwelling of the Holy Ghost. That which in the Church belongs to government, flows from Jesus Christ as He is Head in virtue chiefly of His royal power; while that which belongs immediately to sanctification flows from Him in virtue of His sanctifying Priesthood; although like the visible and the invisible in the Church itself, those two powers and properties of its Head—the royal and the sacerdotal—are inseparably united by an, as it were, mutual inter-penetration.

Christ the Head is not absent from, but is present to His Church, and that not only in virtue of His Divinity, by essence, by presence, and by power, not only through the efficacy of His merits, nor again only by means of His royal, prophetical, and priestly power which He exercises through the agency of His legates, who are His instruments in governing, in teaching, in sacrificing for, and in sanctifying the members of His Body, but He is present also in His members in His own Sacred Humanity, His own sanctified human nature. He is present with His Church triumphant in Heaven without being absent from His Church militant here on earth. He as Head is present with and in both parts of His Mystical Body in a manner corresponding to the state of each. To the Church triumphant He is present as glorified—to the Church militant He is present as He is a Victim on all altars throughout all time and in every place, the Head offering Himself, and along with Himself offering also His Body, and feeding His faithful members with His Flesh and Blood as with meat and drink, in order to the increase of their holiness, and to the greater intimacy of their union as members one with another, and with Him their common Head.

Thus is the Body of Christ built up, and thus does it grow, and thus will it go on daily growing until Head and members meet in the unity of the perfect man, in the measure of the age of the fulness of the Christ.

The fulness of holiness is reached in the individual members

of the one Body when beholding, in the beatific vision, they love the Divine Essence as It is the Infinite Good, and the substantial norm of their everlasting rectitude from which they can never fall away. The fulness of holiness in the Mystic Christ—the One Body in its completeness, consisting of all its members in the oneness of their union with their human Head—will not be reached till the last dew-drop of Divine grace has fallen on a human soul and, drawn upwards by the Sun of Justice, has ascended from the earth in a cloud of glory.

Such is the holiness of Jesus Christ, considered under all its aspects, His Divine and uncreated holiness—His created and human holiness—the holiness wherewith He was Himself *anointed*—and the holiness wherewith He *anoints* those that are His.

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

Health and the Healtheries.

IT is not in early life that people commonly manifest any great concern about their health. Full of youth and vigour, they feel surprised at the precautions of elderly persons, and at the interest taken by them in every question bearing upon the preservation of health. "Oh, I remember the time when I had not to mind these things!" is an exclamation to which medical men are accustomed on the part of those patients who are no longer young. Now, if it be lawful to attribute to mankind at large what is thus verified in individuals, we might well conclude that the youth of mankind is over, and that its ailing age has come, for probably never was the civilized world so preoccupied about its health, about the best means of restoring it when lost, and of preserving whatever amount of it has fallen to the lot of each individual. At all times, indeed, there have been thoughtful men who saw the paramount importance of hygiene to the welfare of mankind, and apprehended more or less clearly some of its fundamental laws, but it was reserved to our age to generalize the interest that attaches to such questions; to make the community at large take steps to apply the laws of health which scientific men have laid down; to see the State assuming in the matter an official attitude, and using its powers to enforce those laws. The interest may indeed now be called truly popular, and to some extent at least this popular interest is outwardly manifested by the immense numbers that have been seen day after day flocking in the direction of South Kensington to the Health Exhibition.

This Exhibition is then truly in itself a sign of the times; it shows a preoccupation peculiar to our age, and as such deserves more than passing attention. It indicates a stage in the life of civilized man which in the anthropologist and the philosopher cannot fail to arouse real interest. This remains true quite independently of the intrinsic value of the Exhibition itself. Although a great commercial success it might prove a

scientific failure, and yet the fact would remain that the idea was a well-founded one. The event has proved that an Exhibition, supposed to have gathered together and to present to the visitor everything which relates to the great question of Health, would be sure to attract many, and to pay in consequence; that the interest believed to exist, not merely among scientific men, but also among all classes of society, has really been shown to exist. And this in itself is to us an important and significant fact.

We know well, of course, that very many of those who are seen going to the Health Exhibition every day, and especially every night, are not so much attracted by a devotion to sanitary science as by the sights which the directors of the Exhibition have provided there for them. The gaily decorated galleries, the illuminations in the evening, the variety of interesting objects of home and foreign make that are exhibited, and last, though perhaps not least, the innate love of sight-seeing which the Londoner has in common with the people of other large cities, these perhaps have in no small degree contributed to the commercial success of the enterprise; yet when all this has been taken into account, there remains the fact that a large portion of the community does, now-a-days, take a real and, to some extent, an intelligent interest in things appertaining to health. The older men amongst us can remember the time in their own youth when sanitary laws were apparently a matter of as much indifference in England, as digestible food seems to be even now to a German peasant, or drains to a Neapolitan lazzerone. Now all this is changed. Professorships of Public Health have been created in our universities; we have inspectors of health, at least in our larger towns; we have a literature exclusively devoted to the subject, and the leading papers are frequently opening their columns to articles on the subject, written by professional men, thus gradually educating the country into greater regard for pure air, pure water, and a more rational form of diet, clothing, and living. This is a great progress in the physical order, and we should rejoice at it, only regretting that this progress is so one-sided, so inadequate to the wants of the whole man. Physical training is regarded as alone necessary for the due cultivation of the body, just as intellectual training is considered as identical with mental cultivation. The moral training is unhappily ignored. Yet the fact remains that healthulti-

mately depends, not merely on the realization of physical conditions in and about our bodies, but also upon a condition of our moral faculties, which hygiene may take into consideration, but which the physical laws of health do not formally contemplate. The sanitary laws affecting our moral being, if we may so say, will be of course moral laws. In other words, the Science of Health, adequately understood, must attend to the three great elements in man, the physical body, subject to physical laws, the intellectual faculties, whose health is promoted and maintained by mental training and mental exercise, and the moral faculty, the will, whose health depends on proper education and proper exercise also. There is, we believe, no controversy as to the truth of this. All admit that the reaction of the mind and will on the various organs of our body is such that unless it be placed under proper discipline and control, there can be no real health in us. It may not be without interest to quote here a passage as to the truth of this view of health, from a writer who will not be suspected of undue leanings to our opinions.

In postulating this complete harmony of the mental functions, we necessarily postulate at the same time that complete harmony of the bodily functions which is perfect health; so that the highest display of will is the expression of the most perfect health of mind and body. In order that the will on all occasions may reach as near as possible this height of excellence, it is obviously necessary that care should be taken to maintain the body in the best health, and so habitually to fashion the mental character in relation to the circumstances of life, that it shall be itself a complete harmony; that on no occasion shall passion incline where the judgment approves not, or conflicting passions distract the mind, or inclination prompt what conscience condemns; that always the whole energies of being shall consent in the will.¹

But in practice there is, we fear, in certain quarters, a marked tendency to ignore, or even positively reject, that which alone has so far proved capable of training and controlling the will, namely Religion. Hence schools are built to impart to the body and to the mind their special forms of education, but religion is to have no place in those schools. Some very general principles of morality may indeed be taught there, but that is at best an intellectual exercise, not an exercise of the will.

Thus, this great question of health, like every other question

¹ Dr. Maudsley, *Physiology of Mind*, p. 456.

directly affecting the well-being of mankind, leads up to the still higher question of religion. But, whatever mere theorists may think, at least the medical practitioner, who has to deal with disease in all its aspects is not ignorant of the paramount importance of this factor in the general health of men and women. He knows well that often this or that trouble of the nervous system originated in what the world terms irregularity, indulgence, indiscretion, but what Christian theology calls by the terrible name of Sin; he sees himself powerless even with his panoply of so-called neurotic remedies in presence of an evil, the real cause of which is to be found in a sphere beyond the reach of such remedies, in the weakened will, which cannot resist the alluring poison of the morning stimulant, or the temptations that beset the luxurious appetite. Reasoning with the patient is in most cases of no avail. Yet often has he seen a perfect revolution operated in the physical condition of his patient by what is called a religious conversion, or by a return to religious practices, whose abandonment had been the first episode in the complete story of his patient's illness. The doctor has perhaps no time to reflect on the fact, and may content himself with exclaiming, half-sadly, half-humorously: "What strange machines we are!" Yet, taught by experience he would in similar cases, as we have often witnessed, advise his patients to attend to their religious duties, after everything else had failed him, in the hope that some favourable reaction might follow, or at least that the hidden cause of the evil might be stopped. A French philosopher condescended to admit that "Il faut une religion pour le peuple." Many medical men in active practice would, we believe, readily admit also that: "Il faut une religion pour certains malades."

Health, then, may be defined, a state of life in which the various functions proper to the individual are all performed accurately and harmoniously in themselves and in relation to a common end. If this definition be correct, as it is commonly admitted to be, it follows that very few persons, in our civilized countries at least, are theoretically healthy. They may enjoy a fair amount of health, they may be free from any of those more serious disorders which destroy all physical happiness, but it cannot be said of most people who live within our busy cities, and of those who belong to some of the professions by which this world's business is carried on, that their various functions are all performed accurately and harmoniously in

themselves and in relation to a common end. For it is with our various bodily functions very much the same as with our various intellectual occupations. The man who would know everything would be condemned practically to ignorance, if accuracy and a certain depth of inquiry be required for real, solid knowledge. In the same way, the man who would resolve to adopt only that profession which will allow of "*all* his functions being performed accurately and harmoniously in themselves and in relation to a common end," would almost infallibly remain without employment in this world and as infallibly starve, unless he were the possessor of a fortune left to him by his more practical ancestors. Thus that very law of specialization or, as it is called, of division of labour, which is forced upon us by our finite nature, is one of the great obstacles in civilized life to *perfect* health. Those who by birth or circumstances are led to perform manual work, in order to do it efficiently, must develope, by continued exertion, their muscular powers at the expense of other organs and functions of their body; those, on the contrary, who are given to intellectual pursuits, must to a certain extent sacrifice their muscular powers, their digestive powers, and the proper working of other important functions to their nobler calling. Of course, such an exaggerated use of one or more organs, cannot go on indefinitely without the general working of our bodies being seriously disturbed, and this disturbance we familiarly call, being "*out of sorts*"; feeling "*all-overish*"; below par; rather unwell, or actually ill, according to the form and intensity of the disturbance within us. We learn by experience, or are advised by our physician, to try and restore the balance by relinquishing for a time our ordinary work, and giving full play to the organs which we usually sacrifice, say the muscles, in the case of a student. Our custom of holiday-making once a year is the social expression of that physical necessity of our artificial lives. Were we all to live strictly according to our theoretical definition of health, no such custom would have come into existence, for all our organs having gone on working harmoniously without extra strain or exaggerated development, there would be no reason why we should leave one function to rest and work up another, but the physiological repose provided by sleep would be the only holiday required by our bodies. However, for reasons to be sought for, as we believe, in Christian Theology rather than in physical science, man is now in a very

different condition; nature is constantly reminding him of his finite capacities, and teaching him that to attain his end fully in this present life, he must subordinate means to means, function to function, health to health—not striving after an impossible ideal of perfect health, but being satisfied to take the precautions which reason and experience suggest, so that he may the better discharge the duties which Providence in this life assigns to him. He will not, perhaps, feel so generally well as he might otherwise do, but he will accomplish his special task more easily, more efficiently, and in that he will find a moral satisfaction and comfort which cannot fail to react favourably over the whole system. Thus we have in our physical nature the same law of subordination of means to the end, and of mortification as a necessary consequence, which the Christian Faith asserts to be indispensable in the order of grace. And what is that crucifixion of our flesh and mind and will of which the Apostle often speaks, but that supreme subordination of the whole man, of all his appetites and desires and faculties to that one end which his faith apprehends, and his love, supported by grace, embraces above all earthly things?

But to return to the physical aspect of our subject. We spoke of exercise in one form or another as one of the means by which we restore to our bodies those qualities which too sedentary a life, such as the life of the student, of the clerk at his desk, of the tailor, the milliner, &c., is sure to impoverish and even destroy. That precious means of health is fairly well represented at the Health Exhibition, in the East-central Galleries, where objects bearing upon the subject of calisthenics are to be found. We have remarked there especially the apparatus intended to exhibit the Ling system of calisthenics, a Swedish institution based on truly scientific principles, whose aim is to promote harmonious development of the whole body. The value of this system has been so far recognized in this country, that the Council of Education has determined to introduce it into the Board Schools of England. The German Gymnastic Society is also an exhibitor in the same department.

Gymnastics are not and cannot be the ordinary mode of exercise for the community at large. Their influence is chiefly concerned with youths, and with them it is of great importance. Much of their future health depends mainly on the physical training received in childhood and boyhood, and we hope to see systematic gymnastics, under experienced masters, gradu-

ally introduced into all our schools. It will of course have to be something very different from that which is at present professed to be taught by Sergeant So-and-So at most schools. It should also begin earlier than is usually the case. Much would be gained if this should be found to take the place of those violent exercises which give too great a preponderance to the muscular system, particularly in the case of young men occupied with intellectual studies; for where a regular training has to be gone through, such as is required to fit one for competition, these exercises often end in ruining the constitution which they had at first been intended to strengthen.

In walking through the labyrinth of galleries of the Health Exhibition, one cannot help noticing the large space which has been granted, no doubt with all due consideration, to the exhibition of Food and Drink, especially if we add to the articles found in that department, the numerous restaurants, coffee-rooms, cocoa-rooms, dairies, cookery schools, and other places where refreshments are provided at various prices. The relation of food to health is so intimate and essential that we have no intention whatever to quarrel with the amount of space granted to so important a department. We only regret that the articles exhibited have not been, or perhaps could not be placed in a clear relation to each other, and with suitable inscriptions, so as to fulfil the great educational purpose which is supposed to have suggested this Exhibition. It is true that in many rooms officials are found who readily give information to any one who asks for it; but, how many people, especially young people, will take the trouble of inquiring, in the midst of so many unfamiliar objects everywhere scattered before their eyes? As it is, things are put together without much method or anything like scientific order; few labels are to be seen giving an account of the nature, origin, and uses of the articles on show; indeed, one might derive almost as much profit, as far as instruction goes, from a stroll through the Covent Garden Market, or some of our large co-operative stores, as one is likely to get from half a day's struggling through the crowds which fill at all hours the South Gallery. Indeed, what we now say might be said of nearly every other department of the Exhibition. The place appeals to the eyes rather too exclusively; and when we remember how many thousands pass through those galleries from morning till night, how many children, how many schoolboys and school-

girls, during the vacation, have thronged this roofed-in wilderness at South Kensington, one regrets that so precious an opportunity for popular education has not been taken advantage of more seriously. We believe that the commercial interests there would have in no wise suffered by it; the Exhibition would have been only a greater success, because it would have fulfilled a higher end—one which our times have much at heart—the diffusion of useful knowledge among all classes of the people.

As it is, we fear that such a result has not been attained by the Health Exhibition, and we have heard many persons express the same apprehension. Let us hope that future Health Exhibitions (for this surely will not be the last) may be conducted on better principles, and made to reconcile more equally the interests of commerce and those of popular science.

As we are speaking of education, we ought, however, to notice at least *en passant* the remarkable display made in the Educational Section by the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. We said only a moment ago that health, adequately considered, did not merely signify the health of the body, but also that of the mind and will, and we affirmed, after all competent authorities, that a proper use of each was essential to the well-being of the whole. Here the Christian Brothers show us what can be done to afford healthy exercise to the minds of children, particularly of poor children, and in that sense the northern end of the Western Section is one of the most interesting parts of the Exhibition. Indeed, it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the work carried on by that Institute since the year 1680, when it was founded in France by the Venerable J. B. De la Salle. The method which they introduced in primary education was, in fact, a true revolution, and the novelty of it, as well as its remarkable efficiency, were soon made manifest on one hand by the results obtained, and on the other by the violent persecution which assailed the Institute and has hardly ever relented at any period of its existence.

Yet God's work has prospered. I say God's work, because an education of the lower classes, which combines the best and most approved methods for training the minds of children in the principles and practice of the Catholic faith, is eminently in these times God's work. To rescue the rising generation from the terrible moral condition which the modern system of secular education is preparing under our eyes, is indeed one of the most

useful works to which a noble-minded, self-denying man could devote his life and energy. For this vineyard in these perilous times the Lord is awaiting labourers.

We must make up our mind to say nothing here of the Machinery, of the Doulton Trophy, remarkable as it is and deserving of notice, of the Aquarium, of the Chinese Court and the Indian Tea-Garden, of the very fine reproduction of Old London, and of a thousand other things which, however interesting, have only a very remote connection with health, at least in its practical aspects. But the connection is anything but remote in the case of dress, whose ancient and modern fashions are well exhibited in the West and East Quadrants on each side of the Conservatory. Here, however, we feel we are approaching a dangerous subject, and are almost thankful that the space allotted to us will not permit of our saying much about it. There is, according to Thomas Carlyle, a "Philosophy of Clothes," and surely, like in other philosophies, there is room in this for much controversy. The first question to be settled would be the definition of a perfect dress. Here, again, as in other philosophies, things are easy enough as long as we remain in the field of abstractions. Of course a perfect dress should first of all preserve in the body a proper degree of warmth, and afford to it proper protection. In the second place, such a dress should in no way interfere with the natural functions of the body nor impede any natural movement; lastly, the dress should be capable of sufficient adornment according to the taste of the wearer, but so that nothing essential to health be affected by such embellishments.

We add this last clause about adornment in dress, not from any desire, of course, to justify the expensive and often extravagant ways of society in this respect, but simply as a recognition of a fact which it is impossible to overlook and leave altogether out of account. There is something intensely personal about dress, and dress will therefore always more or less clearly, more or less aptly, reflect something of our own selves. Many professions may often be discerned from the dress alone; the rank which a person occupies in society is indicated also, if not by the dress alone in these democratic days, at least by the manner of wearing it. Much of a person's character may be understood also from dress. Dress has a practical concern in morality, and plays no insignificant part in sociology. To think that all this could be replaced by the ugly, unmeaning, impersonal costumes which some advocates of the "dress reform" would substitute

for our present fashions would be, we fear, completely to mis-understand human nature. Yet that the claims of the "dress reformers" are founded on common sense and supported by science, cannot be denied. It would be sufficient to point to the very curious and interesting collection of ancient costumes in the West Quadrant of the Health Exhibition to justify largely their accusation that so far taste, or whim, or social tyranny have regulated dress, with complete disregard of the most elementary laws of health. That for many centuries absurd fashions have prevailed and still prevail, is acknowledged by all competent judges. What has not been said by scientific men against the practice of "tight lacing"! Surely it seems as if it would not be so very difficult to persuade womankind not to adopt a mode of dress so evidently injurious to health. Yet to judge from what is practised to-day under our eyes, the lesson would appear to be as unheeded as ever. It certainly remains a problem for the anthropologist, how deformities of the body, through most ages and among most peoples, have been considered an object of beauty and became the fashion. We wonder at the practice of certain Indians who flatten the head by means of pressure applied to the skull in childhood; we pity the Chinese lady whose cramped feet have been made useless by the tyranny of fashion; we shudder at that barbarous custom of many savages to deform the lower lip by inserting in it a piece of wood. Yet are these substantially any more deformities than the European practice of compressing the ribs so as to produce a decided modification in the outline of the body, and to leave no room within for the proper action of the lungs and other important organs?

Granting, therefore, that our dress reformers are able to make out a strong case for themselves, but admitting at the same time that for them to show so much disregard of the personal character of dress, of its influence on society, of the rights of taste, and of the incurable vanity of mankind, is to defeat their own purpose and damage their own good cause, we think (and many of the costumes in the Modern Dress Section at the Exhibition will confirm our opinion) that dress may be scientific in its principles without being necessarily ugly in its form; so that a costume may still be healthy although not hideous. Here, as elsewhere, Aristotle's golden mean may be and should be observed. We believe that there is in this world which God has made no real antagonism between the laws of

health and the canons of beauty. If the fine collection of historical waxworks at the Health Exhibition only serves to emphasize what all men of science are assiduously preaching in reference to dress, Mr. Lewis Wingfield's great labour and research will not have been bestowed in vain.

Of the Exhibition itself, taken as a whole, it is, as we have already said, a commercial success, and little more. It looks more like a bazaar than like the great educational Exhibition one would wish it to have been. The many things evidently intended merely to amuse and attract, show a pre-occupation on the part of the Committee of Direction rather foreign to science, and tending more towards educating the eyes than the mind, if the education of the masses was any part of their aim at all.

There are a thousand objects to interest the visitor—a confused accumulation of things useful and useless, ugly and beautiful, simple and rich, great and small; if it has not been strictly speaking an Exhibition of Health, it has been at least a fair expression of the spirit of the times in which we live, when men seem ever to be seeking for new toys to amuse them and divert them from the paramount claims of the "one thing necessary."

L. MARTIAL KLEIN.

A Modern Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

PART VI.—HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

March 11.—It is Sunday. We hear Mass in the Holy Sepulchre, and, in the afternoon, ride to Bethlehem, arriving in time for Benediction. We afterwards call on Don Belloni, a venerable priest, full of benevolence and charity, who has founded here an orphanage, where three hundred boys are educated gratuitously, and taught various trades. They are all out, enjoying the pleasant spring evening, but Don Belloni shows us the workshops and the house, which is large and solidly built. It stands high, looking across the green valley towards the Basilica of the Nativity. The Sisters of St. Joseph have a convent near it, and devote themselves to the education of girls.

The next morning we have the happiness to hear Mass at the altar of the Crib, and once more to adore our Divine Lord in His birthplace; after which we take leave of Père Henri, and ride through mountain defiles to Mar-Saba. At the highest part of the pass a grand and impressive view of the Dead Sea, and the rugged chain that bounds it, bursts on the view, slightly veiled in haze. From this point a very rough, steep descent leads to the ancient monastery. It stands in a gorge of wildest beauty and resembles a medieval fortress. Towards the torrent of the Cedron the precipice descends perpendicularly, and, on that side, the monastery is quite inaccessible. On the other it is protected by lofty walls and by the Tower Eudoxia, so called because it was built by that Empress. She came attracted by the reputation for sanctity of St. Euthymus, but, on her arrival, the holy man retreated further into the desert. He was at last persuaded to come and speak with her, and he succeeded in inducing her to abandon the Eutychian heresy and return to the unity of the Church.

Originally the hermits dwelt in the innumerable caverns with which the precipitous rocks bordering the Cedron are perforated. The monastery was built about A.D. 439, by St. Saba, a native

of Cappadocia and a disciple of St. Euthymus. At the age of ninety he travelled to Constantinople, to defend the cause of the Christians in Palestine against the Samaritans, who had attacked and falsely accused them. The Emperor Justinian threw himself at the feet of the Saint and granted him all he had come to ask. Then the old man returned to his beloved desert and died soon after.

In 614 the monastery was inhabited by four thousand anchorites, who, with ten thousand others living in the neighbouring grottos, obeyed the rule of one Superior. They were dispersed and massacred by the barbarous Chosrœs, who, at that period, carried fire and sword throughout Palestine. About fifty Greek monks now dwell in the monastery; they lead a very austere life, under the rule of St. Basil.

On a rock opposite the Tower Eudoxia, and separated from it by a little ravine, is the Tower of Hospitality for women, who are never permitted to enter the monastery. It has no door; the entrance is by a window, at a considerable height from the ground, which can only be approached by ladders, and it is anything but an inviting-looking abode. The shade it cast was however agreeable, and we sat down on the short grass beneath it to lunch. The Cedron is quite dry except after heavy rains, and the only water to be obtained is from a well in the monastery. The Arab who accompanied us therefore crossed the ravine, and we watched him knocking, with repeated blows, on the heavy iron door. It did not open, but, at a window above, a monk appeared to parley. He then retired and presently returned with a bucket of water, which he let down with a cord. The Arab, after satisfying his own thirst, filled our bottles with it. It was deliciously cool and clear.

Another party, consisting of Père Didon, the eloquent Dominican, two French gentlemen and the young wife of one of them, were also halting beneath the shadow of the tower. The gentlemen went to visit the monastery, a letter of recommendation from the Greek Archimandrite being drawn up to the lofty window, and duly examined, before the massive door was opened to admit them. After sitting awhile with the lady, I explored the ravine of the Cedron.

The rock on both sides forms a series of natural terraces or ledges, rising one above another and cut into numerous caverns, formerly occupied by solitaries, now the hiding-places

of jackals. Not wishing to disturb their noonday slumbers I did not venture into the caves, and the only living creatures I saw were black centipedes, from four to six inches long, basking in the glaring heat reflected from the rocks, and appearing to enjoy it. I did not, and was glad to seek again the shadow of the hospitable tower until the gentlemen returned, bringing with them leaden crosses and medals, representing St. Saba, and the Baptism of our Lord in the Jordan, which had been given them by the monks.

On leaving Mar-Saba we followed the torrent of the Cedron, a grand abyss, between rocks that look as if they had been violently rent asunder, becoming gradually less wild and savage as it approaches Jerusalem.

It is Passion Week, and we spend it in re-visiting many sacred places. In a side street, near the Gate of St. Stephen, we find the house of Simon the Pharisee, where St. Mary Magdalen washed the feet of Jesus with her tears and wiped them with her hair. A church built by the early Christians on the never to be forgotten spot was turned by Saladin into a Mussulman school. The ruins still remain and belong to a manufacturer of earthen pots.

On Friday Mass was celebrated by the Padre Custode at the altar of Our Lady of Dolours on Calvary.

At the procession a large party of Arabs followed devoutly, carrying their tapers. The men had taken off their turbans, displaying their closely-shaven heads, some having the tuft of hair on the top, of which good Mussulmans believe the Guardian Angel will take hold to carry them to Paradise, but all were Christians, prostrating themselves and kissing the ground before our Lord in the tabernacle. This is the first time I have seen native women walk in the procession. The Catholic women of Jerusalem, wrapped in white mantles that cover them from head to foot, leaving only the face visible, stand round the walls as it passes. These were wild-looking creatures. Black, curling, ill-kept locks, ornamented with strings of coral, hung about their dark faces. They wore a white muslin arrangement, half-turban, half-veil, embroidered dresses, much the worse for wear, slashed at the sides over a red skirt, and, loosely thrown over the shoulders, a black Bedouin cloak, the same in shape as the men's, only theirs are striped black and white.

One never sees the women of the Mussulman Bedouins;

they keep closely within their tents or huts, though in riding about the country one constantly meets parties of the men.

March 17.—We went early to St. Ann's, where Mass is said every Saturday in the crypt which was the house of Joachim, and is the reputed birthplace of the Blessed Virgin.

Afterwards we walked on the road to Bethany. How beautiful is the view of Jerusalem from the crest of the hill! Still more beautiful was it when Jesus, gazing on it, wept over the doomed city. There is the Golden Gate, by which He entered on Palm Sunday, by which no one enters now. There the Valley of Josaphat, the dread valley of Judgment, basking in the sunshine and glowing with scarlet anemones. Why are all the anemones at Jerusalem scarlet? Is it to remind us of the Precious Blood shed there?

At half-past one the Patriarch made his solemn entry into the Basilica. The *Te Deum* was sung, followed by the usual kissing of hands. It was scarcely over when the Greeks entered in procession. Two of their priests, with long black beards and hair reaching in waving tresses to their waists, went round, incensing all the altars. A short pause, and then came the Armenians, with their golden crowns, and again the clouds of incense arose, and there was much bowing and prostrating. When they had passed by the Catholic procession formed. Vested priests, brown-robed friars, choir boys in scarlet, consuls in full dress accompanied by their kawasses in gold embroidered jackets, and a multitude of the faithful, of all climes and in all costumes, wound round the great Basilica with solemn chant and prayer, pausing at every spot commemorative of the Passion of our Lord. Sometimes, as we passed the Greek choir, their monotonous, wailing chant mingled strangely with the graver tones of the Latin hymns.

The large French Pilgrimage, which has been tossing about outside Jaffa these three days, has at last been able to land, and is expected this evening. Over sixty of them are coming to this Hospice, and hospitable Father Francis has done all in his power to make them comfortable. He was busy arranging the tables in the refectory himself as carefully as a lady might for a dinner party. They arrived at nine, dreadfully fatigued, the accommodation on board the steamer having been quite insufficient for so large a number of passengers. Many of the ladies, having no berths, had not been able to undress since they left Marseilles nine days ago.

March 18, Palm Sunday.—At half-past five in the morning I found the Basilica already crowded. After hearing Mass on Calvary I took up my station on the steps of the Greek choir, the doors of which were shut. Presently the Turkish soldiers entered to clear the way for the Patriarch. The palms were blessed in front of the Holy Sepulchre. The space being narrow and the crowd great, there was some confusion in distributing them, though there was an abundant supply. They were all green, freshly gathered, and nine or ten feet in length. Thrice they were carried triumphantly round the Holy Sepulchre, the procession lasting a long time. The crowd, the waving palms, the many voices—*Hosanna Filio David! Hosanna in excelsis!*—how vividly it brought back that scene in the Temple, so long ago, and how one exulted at the thought that He, the Lord of the Temple, was there, in His own Jerusalem, amongst us.

The procession over, High Mass was celebrated at the altar of St. Mary Magdalen, which is between the Holy Sepulchre and the Latin choir. There was a dense crowd round the altar, but few people in the choir, and from the top of the steps leading to it I could perfectly assist at the Mass. The Passion was well sung, but the Greeks kept up a terrible noise of bell-ringing and chanting in their choir, and once came round in procession with banners and lighted tapers, but the pealing organ and solemn Latin chant drowned their voices.

In the afternoon Vespers were sung, sweetly and simply, by the nuns at the Church of the Ecce Homo, followed by Benediction.

The next morning we heard Mass in the same church, said by Père Marie de Ratisbonne, and afterwards visited the church of the great Armenian monastery of St. James. It is one of the most beautiful churches in Jerusalem, and is built on the spot where the holy Apostle was martyred.

We have sixty French pilgrims in the house, principally women, and, as they seem all to talk at once, the noise in the great refectory is so overpowering that good Father Francis makes his two English guests take their meals in the smaller private refectory, where he gives us as much of his company as he can, but rushes off every five minutes to see that his larger and more noisy family is attended to.

On Tuesday in Holy Week Masses are celebrated in the Church of the Flagellation, in honour of the Scourging of our

Divine Lord. The high altar stands where the Pillar, now in Rome, is supposed to have stood. The Padre Custode said Mass at seven. Later, High Mass was sung; the church was crowded. I walked on to the Garden of Gethsemane and the Grotto. On my way back I met an English lady, much confused about the Holy Places, and afraid to venture outside the walls. In the immediate vicinity of the city there is no cause for fear.

In the afternoon I went with the Father Rector to call on Mgr. Bracca, the Latin Patriarch, who is extremely gentle and amiable. A handsome, but not large Gothic church adjoining the palace serves as Cathedral. Then we ascended the Tower of David, to enjoy the magnificent view from the battlements. It is now a Turkish fortress, but Father Francis is on good terms with everybody, and the sentinels made no difficulty about allowing us to pass.

March 21.—I went at six to the Grotto of Gethsemane. Many pilgrims were already on the road—Greeks and Russians wending their way to the Basilica of the Blessed Virgin, and Catholics to the Holy Grotto. I found it quite full on arriving. Masses were being said at the three altars. Many of the French pilgrims were there, and a short address was delivered at the high altar, where a young Frenchman made his religious profession. After the Mass, at which all present received Holy Communion, he prostrated himself before the altar, on the spot where our Divine Lord prayed in His Agony—most suitable, therefore, for a complete immolation of self—and lay there, with his arms extended in the form of a cross, whilst the Litany of the Saints was sung, and until the officiating priest addressed to him the words, *Surge, illuminare, et sta in alto*, when he arose and received, from the priest and the religious who surrounded him, the kiss of peace. *Ecce quam bonum* was then sung, and the *Te Deum* said.

Later, High Mass was celebrated, and when it was over I followed the road to the Cedron by which our Lord was led back to Jerusalem on the night of His Passion. I gathered some anemones close to the bridge where He crossed the torrent, all bright scarlet, dotted over the green sward like drops of blood. There are none others near Jerusalem. Elsewhere in Syria they are of four colours, and they bloom earlier; here, they flower at Passion-tide, and they wear the colour of the Passion. So they bloomed when our Divine Lord passed this

way, on His daily road to and from Bethany ; so they lifted their folded leaves in the light of the Paschal moon on the night of Holy Thursday ; and there, hard by, as now, stood the tomb of Absalom ; there, on the hill-side, Siloam, so little changed ; there Mount Olivet ; there Gethsemane.

Tenebræ was sung by the Franciscans at the Holy Sepulchre. The *Miserere* was solemn, plaintive, and beautiful.

March 22, Holy Thursday.—I reached the Basilica at six. At seven Tierce was sung and High Mass celebrated. The altar was placed against the Holy Sepulchre, and the Patriarch's throne opposite, against the doors of the Greek choir, which was closed and empty. The Turkish soldiers kept the space round the Holy Sepulchre clear for Catholics—indeed, I saw no Greeks or Armenians about ; all was therefore quiet and devotional. The General Communion lasted two hours. Priests, Franciscans, over five hundred pilgrims, native Christians, among them many poor Arabs, with their shaven heads and top-knots, people of all races and climes, united in the Communion of Saints.

Close to me stood a young man I have seen, of late, constantly in the Basilica. One cannot help noticing him, for he towers head and shoulders above everybody else. He has a handsome face, delicate features, a small chesnut moustache and imperial, and an immense quantity of brown hair falling neglected over his shoulders. He wears a coarse brown woollen gown, bound round his waist by a leather girdle. He never fails at the Procession, and always appears devout and recollected. Young, strong, and stalwart, his life seems bound up in the love of Jesus Crucified.

At ten o'clock, when the Consecration of the Holy Oils began, I went to the Hospice to get a cup of coffee, and on returning, found the Offices completed, and the Blessed Sacrament reposing on the Holy Tomb. I was awaiting my turn to enter the Holy Sepulchre, for the outer chamber was crowded, when the iron hammer resounding on the outer door warned us it was about to be shut. "Allah!" exclaimed a Turk impatiently, as I reached it, and, knocking with all his might, he began to close the door. It will be opened for two minutes before the Washing of Feet, and then remain closed till after Tenebræ, when it will again open for a few minutes to allow those within to go out, and to admit such as choose to be locked in all night.

I visited the Sepulchres at San Salvatore, St. Ann's, and the Ecce Homo, where *Tenebræ* were sung by the nuns, and at half-past five returned to the Basilica, where a crowd of French pilgrims was collected, awaiting the opening of the doors, and all talking together, but, once inside, every voice was hushed and perfect silence prevailed. None but Catholics were admitted. To-night we have the Holy Sepulchre to ourselves.

There are many priests among the pilgrims, who watch four at a time before the Holy Tomb on which the Living Lord reposes. The outer chamber is filled all night by the faithful, patiently awaiting their turn to approach the low door and kneel for a time in adoration. The rest remain outside kneeling, or sitting on low camp-stools they have brought with them. A French priest made a short address; the *Stabat Mater* was sung, the first verse being repeated between each of the succeeding ones, as I have so often heard it in Italy. Then other addresses and French hymns.

When the hour of our Lord's Agony approached, wishing to spend it quietly, I went up to Calvary. Some half-dozen persons had been attracted there by the same thought. Two women were lying prostrate on their faces, with outstretched arms, before the Crucifix, and remained motionless a full hour. The notes of the *Vexilla Regis*, sung in unison by five hundred voices at the Holy Sepulchre, came floating upwards. When they ceased all was silent. The lamps that burn day and night cast a dim light on the great Crucifix over the Greek altar and the figures of our Blessed Lady and St. John that stand on either side.

At midnight the Greek priests who live in the Basilica began to sing Matins in their choir, and one of them came, as usual, to incense the three altars. Five minutes after appeared the Armenian, with his golden crown. I love to see even this slight bond of union with those whom unhappy schisms have separated from us. Their priests come daily to incense our altars, as daily, at the Procession, the Catholic priests incense theirs, whilst the Holy Sepulchre is common ground, where every rite possessing Sacerdotal Orders celebrates in turn. Not to-night, however. During the twenty-four hours that the Adorable Sacrament reposes in the Holy Sepulchre, none but Catholics may enter or approach: hence the closed doors, which will only be thrown open when the Office of Good Friday is completed.

Once more I took my place in the outer chamber till I

could approach the Presence of our Divine Lord, for the crowd awaiting the same happiness had not in the least diminished. Afterwards I returned to Calvary to await the arrival of the Patriarch. He came at half-past six, and the solemn Offices of Good Friday began, celebrated at the Latin altar. At the Passion the priest, before singing the *Consummatum est*, prostrated himself on the pavement before the Greek altar, and breathed forth the last words of the Divine Victim on the spot where He pronounced them. Many were weeping, one grey-haired man, wearing the red cross of the French pilgrimage, sobbed aloud.

Priests and people knelt to adore the Holy Cross, and then went down, in long procession, to bring the Blessed Sacrament from the Holy Sepulchre.

When Vespers had been sung, the doors were opened for the Patriarch to go out, and will now remain open as usual. At one we joined a large party to follow the Stations of the Cross. Four other groups had started previously. It would not have been possible for all the pilgrims to pass through the crowded streets in a body. Frère Liévin and a French priest led our party; the former explaining the Stations, and the latter making a short address at each.

Tenebræ had begun when we reached the Basilica; they were very beautifully sung. At seven, a solemn Procession was made to the various Stations of our Lord's Passion. The doors are open now, and the vast building full. Not less than one thousand persons joined in the Procession, and on either side, as we passed, were crowds of lookers-on. At each station a short sermon was preached in a different language, the first in Italian, the second in Greek, the third in Arabic, and so on. When we reached the steep, narrow steps leading up to Calvary, there was a complete block. The Turkish soldiers did their best to keep back the crowd, whilst the kawasses, on the steps, cried out, "Français, Français," and handed up all they knew to be pilgrims; but the sermon, in French, was almost over when I reached the Holy Mount.

A large wooden crucifix had been carried at the head of the Procession. This was placed on the Greek altar, where the Cross of our Lord was erected. Linen bands were thrown over it, and the figure of our Lord was reverently detached and lifted down. It was then laid in a linen cloth and carried by two priests, others following, chanting and bearing vases con-

taining the myrrh and spices used in anointing. They proceeded thus to the Stone of Unction. I did not witness the ceremonies there, as, when I reached the foot of the steps, the space was densely crowded, and the soldiers directed me to go round by the outer corridor, to the Holy Sepulchre. There I placed myself on the steps of the Greek choir, and awaited the arrival of the Procession. The figure of our Lord was carried in and laid on the Tomb, whilst a sermon was preached in Spanish by a Franciscan, with the vehement gesticulation and impassioned eloquence Spanish preachers always indulge in; the subject being the sorrows of the most afflicted Mother at the foot of the Cross. Then the figure of our Lord was removed from the Tomb, and the ceremonies of the day were ended.

Holy Saturday.—The Offices began in the Basilica at six. The altar was erected in front of the Holy Sepulchre, as on Holy Thursday, and the Patriarch officiated. The Turkish soldiers kept guard around, so that only Catholics were grouped near the altar. They reminded me of the Roman soldiers, standing where they stand now, watching uselessly, so far as the glorious Resurrection of our Lord was concerned, yet giving unconscious testimony to the fact that the disciples did not remove the Adorable Body of their Master. Even so now the Turks guard the Holy Sepulchre. They do not know what they are watching, but they stand at their post, and they do their duty well and courteously.

We returned to the Basilica at midnight. Matins were solemnly sung in front of the Holy Sepulchre; the Rev^{mo}. Padre Custode presiding. What greater joy is possible on earth than to hear the Easter Alleluias, the *Surrexit Dominus vere* sung there where indeed the Lord arose? One gazed at the low entrance of the rock tomb, almost expecting the glorified figure of the triumphant King to issue forth. At the *Benedictus* the Procession passed by the altar that marks the place where He appeared to St. Mary Magdalen and to the chapel that commemorates His appearance to His Blessed Mother. It is true the Gospel narrative gives no account of that apparition. Who should venture to narrate what passed between Mary and her Risen Son and God?

The chapel in question is the Latin choir, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved, and, immediately after Lauds, Masses were celebrated there, and all present received Holy Communion. On Calvary Masses were also being said, the

Greeks and Armenians being now in possession of the Holy Sepulchre.

About three, we returned home. It was a lovely moonlight morning. The streets were deserted, except that a Turk was seated keeping guard at each end of the dark, covered bazaar through which we had to pass.

I slept for two hours, and at seven again reached the Basilica as the Patriarch entered it. Tierce was sung, and Pontifical Mass celebrated at the Holy Sepulchre. After Mass, the clergy formed in procession, the people standing in a circle, holding lighted tapers, whilst the Gospel of the Resurrection was solemnly chanted from the four Evangelists, from St. Matthew and St. Mark at the north and south sides of the Holy Sepulchre, from St. Luke at the Stone of Unction, and from St. John at the entrance to the Holy Tomb. Then, singing the *Te Deum*, the Procession proceeded to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where Pontifical Benediction was given. It was an imposing and most beautiful ceremony, deriving its greatest beauty and grandeur from the place where it was celebrated. *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te, civitas Dei!* Glorious thou art, Jerusalem, with a glory that must last whilst the world endures, for it was bequeathed to thee by the Adorable Humanity of the Eternal Son of the Father.

In the afternoon the Procession was very quiet, only a few faithful following, but all the more devotional.

*Gaude, Mater Alma Christi,
Gloriosum quem vidisti
Resurrexit sicut dixit.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.*

We walked out at the Gate of Sion, and round the walls to the Gate of St. Stephen. Two Arab funerals were winding their way through the Valley of Josaphat. The first body was carried on a simple bier; the second, that of a child, in the arms of a man. The people who followed were singing a low, monotonous chant, whilst the setting sun threw a golden glory over the mountains of Moab and the old grey walls of Siloe.

Easter Tuesday.—We heard Mass early in the chapel of the Hospice, and then rode to Emmaus. A stony mountain-road, but with a beauty all its own. The fresh green of the rising corn, the rosy fawn colour of the soil, the purple grey of the rocks, and the silvery foliage of the olives, produced a combination of colours of surpassing charm and delicacy. How

sweet and fresh the air, how brilliant the flowers that outspread their petals to catch and reflect the morning sun, but sweeter still the remembrance that on this road our Divine Lord, on the afternoon of His Resurrection, overtook the two disciples, sad and dispirited, explained to them the prophecies, and accompanied them on their way.

Emmaus, once a considerable town, is now a mere village. In 1861, Mdlle. de Nicolai, a Franciscan Tertiary, purchased a plot of ground on which she built a small convent, hospice, and church. Making extensive excavations in the neighbourhood, she was rewarded by discovering the remains of the church built on the site of the house of Cleophas, where our Lord made Himself known at the breaking of bread.

We found at the Hospice four Brothers of the Christian Schools, who had also come from Jerusalem that morning. After dining with them, we went with the Father Director to visit the ruins of the ancient church. The whole plan of it can be traced. It appears to be of the time of the first Crusade. The three apses, some of the pillars dividing the nave from the aisles, and a portion of the walls remain, as do the stone altarslabs, which have been chipped round the edges by the Mussulmans, with the intention of erasing inscriptions.

In the centre of the church have been excavated the foundations of a house evidently of much more ancient construction. It would appear that the church had been built over and around it, as has been done in the case of so many sanctuaries, and this confirms the supposition that it was the house of Cleophas.

After exploring these interesting ruins, we ascended a hill in the neighbourhood, from which a fine view of the sea and surrounding hills is obtained; and then, mounting our horses, we rode in company with the Christian Brothers, to Neby Samoüel, an isolated mountain, where the Prophet Samuel is said to have been born, to have lived, and to have been buried. It was from this hill that the Crusaders first came in sight of the walls of Jerusalem, and in their delight they called it Montjoie.

The Premonstratensians built a monastery on the summit about 1131. This was ravaged by the Saracens some fifty years later, and the church converted into a mosque, now in a very ruinous condition. The Mussulmans still venerate in it a tomb which they call that of Samuel, and which probably occupies the site of the sepulchre of the Prophet Judge.

We ascended the crumbling minaret and were rewarded by a

magnificent panorama. We are at an elevation of near three thousand feet and the view extends westwards over the fertile plain of Sharon to the Mediterranean, and eastwards to the Dead Sea and the blue line of mountains beyond the Jordan. The Mount of Olives and the Mount of the Franks, Jerusalem, St. John, Bethlehem, and many other towns and villages may be discerned, crowning the heights, or nestling in the folds of the hills.

Returning to Jerusalem we visited the tombs of the Judges; extensive sepulchral chambers hewn out in the rock. The entrance is ornamented with beautifully sculptured foliage, fruit and flowers, in good preservation. It is probable this was the burial-place of the members of the Sanhedrin, the Judges, as a rule, being buried in their own tribe.

There is a wondrous light on the hills this evening and I linger on the roof of the Hospice, to enjoy the beauty of the scene. The Mosque of Omar standing out against the pearly rose colour of the mountains beyond the Jordan. The crenelated gate of Damascus, and the greater part of Jerusalem, spread out beneath my feet, the swallows skimming about in great numbers, the call to prayer sounding from the minarets. A thoroughly Oriental sky, purple at the horizon, passing through crimson into gold.

One more long walk from the Jaffa Gate by the Valley of Hinnom and the Valley of Josaphat, crossing the Cedron to Gethsemane and back by St. Stephen's Gate. How beautiful in the fair spring time, are the hills that surround Jerusalem!

March 30, Friday.—Father Francis said Mass at the Altar of the Addolorata on Calvary. At nine the French pilgrims made the *Via Crucis*, carrying a large cross of olive wood they have brought with them from France and which they intend to leave in the Basilica as a memento of their pilgrimage, but on reaching the doors they found them, to their great disappointment, locked.

As we were waiting at the Pretorium, in the afternoon, the small French pilgrimage passed, returning from the Dead Sea. They have found the heat excessive; even here it has been very great these three days.

The next morning at nine I set out with Mr. W., and a mouscree, to ride to the Basins of Solomon. The air was fresh, almost cold on the hills, a great change from the heat of the last few days. The Basins are large reservoirs constructed by King

Solomon, to water the "enclosed garden." There are three, the largest is six hundred feet in length, by two hundred feet in width. The breeze was rippling the blue waters, which glittered in the sun. We halted in a sheltered corner, beneath the wall of Kalâah-el-Bourak, the Castle of the Lightning, a large square building, with lofty crenelated walls, erected in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is in a ruinous condition and is inhabited by two Bashibazouks, who are posted there to guard the road to Hebron. One of them brought us coffee and oranges after lunch, and then accompanied us to the sealed fountain, the *fons signatus* of the Song of Solomon. Creeping through a very low door we descended a flight of steps to a chamber cut in the rock, with a small reservoir in the centre. From that we passed to another, where the water, pure and bright as crystal, rushes out of natural fissures in the rock, and passes by a narrow channel to fill the basin in the first chamber, from whence it is conducted by an aqueduct of the time of Solomon to Bethlehem.

Remounting our horses, we rode by the three basins, then by a rocky road on the mountain side, above the village of Eurtase, which was razed to the ground by Ibrahim Pacha in 1831, because the inhabitants refused to pay the tribute he imposed on them. It has been rebuilt and numbers about six hundred inhabitants.

In the valley beneath was the *hortus conclusus*, the enclosed garden of Solomon : the place to which the King, as Josephus tells us, mounted on a chariot, clad in a white mantle, and escorted by his guards, armed with bows and arrows, used to set forth from Jerusalem, at dawn of day in summer time, because, on account of its gardens and the abundance of its running waters, it was exceedingly fertile and delightful.

The valley is still extremely fertile. Sheltered from the wind by an encircling belt of hills, and watered by never failing streams, it produces in abundance all manner of fruits and vegetables, and its green freshness contrasts strongly with the arid hills around ; the natural rampart from which, and not from walls, the valley took its name. Mosaic pavements, broken columns, and capitals, are dug up from time to time. They are supposed to have belonged to the palace which Solomon built in this favourite spot. "I made me great works : I built me houses and planted vineyards : I made gardens and orchards, and set them with trees of all kinds : and I made me

ponds of water, to water therewith the wood of the young trees."

Following the course of the aqueduct, which was undergoing reparation, we came in sight of Bethlehem, and rode to the convent, where we were glad to see once more good Father Henri, and the lay-brother, who offered us coffee, always so acceptable in the East. Then we again visited the Grotto of the Nativity. As we were kneeling before the Crib, two Greek priests came down from their choir above, with swinging thuribles to incense it. They mean it as an act of adoration, faith, and love, and it makes one long and pray for the time when the great schism may come to an end, and the unity of the Church be restored.

As we were leaving the grotto we met Father Francis, who, not being able to accompany us in the morning, as we had tried to persuade him to do, had ridden over from Jerusalem, with his kawasse, to join us.

We rode back together, the kawasse, his sabre jingling at his side, leading the way. He is a Turk and a zealous follower of the Prophet, but a very good-natured, obliging fellow, and devotedly attached to the Father Rector. Father Francis himself in boots, white Arab cloak and pith helmet covered with a silk kufieh, was quite transformed from the humble friar, and, with his open German countenance, his chesnut moustache and beard, only wanted the cross on his breast to look like a Teutonic knight of the olden time. He rode well, and thoroughly enjoyed his ride, a treat rarely indulged in, as we all did till an unfortunate mishap came to mar our pleasure. Mr. W.'s horse, which hitherto had carried him admirably, came down suddenly at a gentle trot, cutting his knees badly. His rider fortunately extricated himself without being hurt. A repeated application of roadside dust, a rough, but efficacious remedy, at last stopped the bleeding from the broken knees and we reached Jerusalem at sunset.

The Basilica begins to be crowded by Greek pilgrims, assembling for their Easter which, this year, falls much later than ours. We walked round the walls to the north of the Holy City, visiting on the way the Grotto of Jeremias, a spacious cavern, where the Prophet is said to have written the Lamentations. It is inhabited by a number of "doves, dwelling in the clefts of the rock." Farther on youths were washing horses in a large reservoir and an old Arab was

Solomon, to water the "enclosed garden." There are three, the largest is six hundred feet in length, by two hundred feet in width. The breeze was rippling the blue waters, which glittered in the sun. We halted in a sheltered corner, beneath the wall of Kalâah-el-Bourak, the Castle of the Lightning, a large square building, with lofty crenelated walls, erected in the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is in a ruinous condition and is inhabited by two Bashibazouks, who are posted there to guard the road to Hebron. One of them brought us coffee and oranges after lunch, and then accompanied us to the sealed fountain, the *fons signatus* of the Song of Solomon. Creeping through a very low door we descended a flight of steps to a chamber cut in the rock, with a small reservoir in the centre. From that we passed to another, where the water, pure and bright as crystal, rushes out of natural fissures in the rock, and passes by a narrow channel to fill the basin in the first chamber, from whence it is conducted by an aqueduct of the time of Solomon to Bethlehem.

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keeping his flock, white sheep with brown heads, and goats, with long, silky, black hair, browsing contentedly beneath the shadow of the walls.

In the afternoon a sermon was preached at the Church of the Ecce Homo by a French Dominican, followed by the pilgrimage hymn, *Pitié, mon Dieu.*

April 3.—After hearing Mass in the Holy Sepulchre and making preparations for the journey to-morrow, I ride out with Mr. W. to try the horse that is to carry me to Beyrouth, a bright bay, short legged, deep chested, willing and docile. We ride to the summit of the Mount of Olives and look down once more on the wonderful view. On one side Jerusalem, on the other the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan, and, all around, the hills of Judea, now so well known and loved.

Then a last visit to Calvary, to the Holy Sepulchre; leave-takings at the convent of the Dames de Sion, and from those whose kindness has made this distant land so home-like; but all brightened by the hope that, if it please God, I may once again return to the Holy City.

Breakspere.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE summer sun has long since risen in the dark azure of an Alpine sky over the Savoy mountains, and is pouring floods of glory over the rich vineyards and chesnut slopes of the Canton de Vaud in that loveliest nook of Lake Leman, near Vevay.

The deep blue waters of the lake seem to sleep in that most perfect scene, "beautiful as a dream," reflecting the limestone crags and pine-clad uplands of the Dent de Jaman and the everlasting snows of the Dent de Midi. The foreground is sparkling, decked in green and gold, bright with the flowers and fruit of that smiling, sunny shore of Vaud, and the cheerful little town of Vevay looks like a happy bride laughing archly amidst a wreath of vines and maize-leaves. The placid waters are here and there dotted with the picturesque barges of the country, looking like butterflies spreading their wing-like lateen sails to the faint *vaudaire* which comes down from the hills, the distant snows shimmer in the sunlight, or glimmer in the mirror of the lake, the song of industry and peace arises from valley and mountain, and all is harmony and joy.

A pretty villa, with shady verandahs, terraces draped with foliage, and pleasant kiosks amongst the trees, its grounds extending towards the clear waters of the lake, is situated just outside the town on the side of Clarens. It is elegantly, even luxuriously furnished, and seems to combine all, as far as externals go, which is calculated to promote the happiness and enjoyment of mortals here below.

On the terrace before the breakfast-room, whose long windows open on to a lovely flower-garden, and command a magnificent view of the lake and the Savoy mountains, a solitary figure is slowly pacing up and down. The silvery hair and

kindly blue eyes, which are ever and anon raised from the pages of his breviary to gaze on the enchanting landscape before him, proclaim him to be the good Abbé Delacroix, who is now the guest of Christopher and Gertrude Breakspere, having come to spend some months with them at the house they have purchased for their summer residence. It is not only the presence of the Abbé Delacroix at this Swiss villa which recalls the Villa Pescara, for although constructed on a much smaller scale and simpler plan, there is much in the interior which reminds one of it. And if we glance at the servants who are about the house, we shall recognize some few of those numerous domestics who formed the household on the shores of the Lake of Garda. Lina, the late Marchioness' favourite and favoured maid, is assisting her mistress, the newly-made Frau Gräfin, to dress, descanting sadly meanwhile on the falsity and heartlessness of the English nation, as personated by Chuckles, who, insensible to her charms, has asked leave to return to England in consequence of the death of one of his parents; and in the man who is just leaving the breakfast-room, after handing to his master the letters and papers brought by that morning's mail, it is easy to recognize the trusty Pierre, who has grown grey in the service of the House of Pescara.

Christopher is reclining in an easy chair, awaiting the time of breakfast, and looking at the paper with a somewhat listless air. As he turns over the letters which have been placed by his side, his manner changes, for his eye rests on one from England, addressed in Dr. Bogue's handwriting, and he at once breaks its seal.

While he is occupied in perusing his letter, we must look back a little, and inform the reader of what events have occurred since the scene described in the preceding chapter.

It will readily have been divined that Gertrude von Stahremberg, when summoned to the bedside of her dying aunt, had yielded to her last and most urgent wish. It was not, however, without considerable hesitation and lingering regret, for although conscious that Christopher possessed qualities that could secure her devoted affection and admiration, her early love for Gaston de Villefranche—as to whose fate she was ignorant—was still strong within her. To her aunt, who, as we know, had formed other designs for her, she had never confided the attachment subsisting between the young Frenchman and herself, nor could she resolve to do so then. In addition to

this, a certain unanalyzed feeling of annoyance had asserted itself, at thus having a husband chosen for and given to her; but the wishes of one who had ever been as a fond mother to her, were sacred, and she would not, could not oppose them, when she knew them to be the last which her kind guardian would ever express.

The Marchioness had insisted on "her children" marrying within three months of her decease, so Christopher left Gertrude under the care of the good priest, while he himself went to obtain his demission from the army, and when all matters were arranged, after the lapse of the stated time, he led her to the altar in the little Catholic church of Vevay. Then Christopher wrote to Dr. Bogue, informing him of the death of the Marchioness and his marriage to her niece.

"I have not felt equal to visiting England," he wrote, "or I should have preferred telling you by word of mouth, my kind friend, of all that has occurred since you were at Rehbrunnen. I should have been glad enough too, Heaven knows, to see my dear old father once more, but then again, a meeting with Walter would have been unavoidable, and I could not well stand that. Not that I bear malice towards him for the wrongs he has done me, for Providence has been very good to me, and I think I have more chance of happiness than he has, for all his crooked ways and crafty schemes. One purpose I have in writing now, dear Dr. Bogue, is to beg you not to trouble yourself any more to see justice done to me, as you call it. Walter is very cunning, and probably well versed in the chicanery of the law; it would be difficult to bring conclusive evidence against him, and I should at any rate prefer not to be involved in legal proceedings. It would only be a fresh trouble to my father too, and perhaps disturb his mind again. I shall hope in the autumn to pay you a visit with my wife, whom I love better every day, for every day opens out new treasures in our mutual relations, and I have every reason to bless the memory of the Marchioness Pescara for effecting our union, since I greatly doubt whether it would ever have taken place had she not insisted upon it so strongly."

Christopher enclosed a letter which he asked Dr. Bogue to deliver, if possible, into his father's hands; a commission which there was no difficulty in executing, as the worthy Doctor had induced Mr. Breakspere to become his guest for a season, until the bustle and the festivities attendant on Walter's marriage

should be over. Dr. Bogue passed as much time as he could in the society of his old friend, not only with the kindly motive of diverting his thoughts from painful topics, but in view of ascertaining whether his professional eye could detect any symptoms of real disease in the morbid depression and nervous excitability under which the unfortunate man laboured. He soon discovered that Mr. Breakspere's delicate nervous organization had sustained terrible injury, by the charge hanging over Christopher, and his persecution at Crazybank. The good Doctor endeavoured to relieve both impressions by all the skill in his power, and his statements in relation to Christopher's position in society and the high honours gained by him in the Austrian army, did much to comfort the parent's heart, and restore something of his old equanimity. Knowing his tastes, he had, too, put his library—a rather valuable collection of volumes—at his friend's disposal, and encouraged him to seek comfort in what the owner of the library deemed a sovereign medicine for many woes—the pages of the immortal dead.

The letter which Christopher had just received contained an urgent appeal, begging him to revoke his decision, and for his father's sake, as well as his own, clear his name from the imputation resting upon it, and make good his claim to the fortune of his uncle. In neither case would there be any difficulty, Dr. Bogue wrote; for though James Fuggles had succumbed to the disease which was consuming him, he had, previous to his death, made a declaration, duly attested and legally witnessed, to the effect that Christopher was entirely innocent in the matter of the robbery in the office at Bennet Friars, of which he gave full details, adding, that he had been forced to do it by Walter Cummins, who held him in his power by having implicated him in a disgraceful gambling transaction. He had moreover discovered Mr. Breakspere's old servant, Winifred, and from her had gathered many details corroborative of what he had learnt from Fuggles. Dr. Bogue concluded with the intelligence that, in consequence of his disclosures, Messrs. Stubbins and Fibbins had turned Sir Walter out of his partnership in the firm; and that the engagement of Walter to Miss Parr had been broken off shortly before the time appointed for their marriage.

The fact which interested Christopher more than all the other items of intelligence contained in the letter, was not, however, Walter's infamy, but Mr. Parr's failure. For some

time the City magnate had sustained serious losses in his commercial transactions, and had been aware of the imminent ruin impending over what he grandiloquently termed the "House of Parr," but had trusted that, could he marry Beatrice to Walter, who was known to be a moneyed man, his close connection with him would at least buoy up his credit for a time, and might stave off, even if it did not avert, the dreaded collapse. At all events, it pleased him to think that when the evil day came, as come it must, his darling Beatrice would be safe. But the crash came sooner than he expected; the failure of a scheme, in which he had speculated largely, gave the last blow to his sinking fortunes. He was glad to send his wife and daughter to enjoy the proffered hospitality of their faithful friend, Lady Hinchinbrook, while he himself devoted all his energies to avert immediate disaster. He tided, indeed, over the crisis without absolute ruin, but his position in the moneyed world was gone, all his magnificent hopes of a princely fortune had disappeared for ever.

Beatrice found comfort and courage in the counsels and sympathy of her strong-minded and high-minded aunt, to whom she was able to unbosom all the feelings of her heart. Strange as it may seem, her first impression, on hearing the startling news of her father's misfortunes, was one of pleasure. She had always persisted, spite of all that others said to the contrary, that Walter alone, of all the men who sought her hand, did not seek her for her fortune, since he was then already himself a rich man. And when, on closer intercourse, she discovered how little congeniality existed between herself and him; and, for all his professions and presents, felt increasingly repelled by rather than drawn towards him, that thought had afforded her consolation. Her own good sense and power of observation had taught her that real happiness is not dependent on great wealth; and apart from regret at the grief which she knew his failure caused her father, she felt almost delighted to know that at length it would be seen that her betrothed loved her absolutely for her own sake, and not for the fortune she would bring him. Besides, was it not a very Providence for her father that her marriage was already arranged, and would soon be concluded?

Beatrice was destined, however, to be rudely undeceived. The next time she saw Walter, she went towards him gaily, with a cheerful smile, and was chilled by the cold, stiff manner in which he greeted her.

"Dear Walter," she began, "perhaps you may not view the matter as I do, but I am really rather pleased than otherwise, though many persons in my place would be distressed; but then, I am not like others. You know I always told you so," she added coaxingly.

This was not all what Sir Walter wanted. "It is well that you are unlike others, if you are pleased because your friends are ruined," he rejoined. "Your father must have known the state of his affairs, and I consider it, to say the least, most dishonourable on his part to have kept it from me."

Beatrice's colour rose. "I am sorry you should take it to heart in this way," she answered; "I thought you would rejoice with me that now an unkind world cannot urge that selfish motives actuated your love for me, and you can show that you really loved me for my own sake."

But Walter only scowled at her. "What does this nonsense mean?" he asked. "Are you demented? or have you been in league with your father to make a fool of me all the time? Have you a private independent fortune of your own to live on? Happily for me the old rogue has come to grief sooner than he expected, a little later and I should have been involved in his ruin."

Beatrice was high-spirited, and she deeply resented these insults to her father. An involuntary feeling of positive loathing rose up within her. She could not credit the change that had come over Walter. Was this the man who had risked his life for her, who had rendered her father a thousand services, who had been singled out for the honour of knighthood, who had professed such devotion to her, who now showed himself so mercenary, so mean, so egotistical?

"How dare you," she exclaimed, "reproach my father with what is purely his misfortune, not his fault? Have you not enough, and more than enough, with Mr. Breakspere's princely fortune for your own?"

Walter sneered at Mr. Parr and taunted Beatrice. He had been spending very lavishly, and his ill-gotten fortune turned out to be far less than he expected, since a large part was invested in some foreign railroads, which, though they promised fair at first, had now stopped payment. This added to his ill-humour; a scene of reciprocal recrimination and angry upbraiding ensued, ending, as might be expected, in a complete rupture.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Beatrice went down to Hinchinbrook Cottage, her mind was a prey to many painful emotions; it is distressing to have our best hopes and brightest anticipations rudely destroyed. It was a relief to tell all her troubles to her aunt; she owned that she had long since felt distrust of Walter and doubts about his sincerity, but she had striven to resist these impressions, and even now she endeavoured to excuse his estrangement and explain away his conduct, heartless and mean as it was. Now Lady Hinchinbrook had learnt from Dr. Bogue what his character really was, and she could only rejoice that her niece had not been sacrificed to such a villain.

"I cannot see, my love," she said to Beatrice, "that you owe that man any gratitude at all. You often mention his having rescued you from that fire two years ago; he never did anything of the sort."

"Not Walter! Do you mean to say it was not Walter who carried me out over the flames? Who was it then?"

"It was Christopher Breakspere, whom you met, I think, when you were abroad last year. Mr. Breakspere told me so himself; I cannot imagine how you were so deceived."

Deceived indeed! Poor Beatrice, she had deceived herself and had been deceived. She saw it now; her aunt was right, the truth flashed upon her in a moment. He was the vision of her dreams, the hero of her fancy; it was his face and form which seemed to float vaguely before her in her remembrance of the terrors of that night. Then she recollects how her father had always looked coldly on Christopher, and that he had left the country under a cloud, under the suspicion of having robbed his own father.

"No, my dear child, that is quite untrue," Lady Hinchinbrook resumed in answer to her question; "Christopher had nothing to do with the theft at Bennet Friars; who the real culprit was I do not exactly know, but enough has been found out to incriminate Walter, and his mother, who connived at it. It may seem hard to you now, but believe me, you may deem yourself fortunate in not having married so wicked a man."

Beatrice was thunderstruck. "If all this is really true, what an escape I have had!" she exclaimed. "What would my life

with him have been! But it cannot be true, or Christopher would have come back, and cleared his name, and resumed his place in society!"

"He will not do so; he is so generous as to forgive Sir Walter, and to content himself with allowing the truth to be made known to his friends, without bringing an action against one whom he considered as his brother. Some people call this cowardly, but I call it true courage. His father may well be proud of such a son."

"I thought Mr. Breakspere was mad?"

"O dear, no. They sent him to a kind of asylum to get him out of the way. Dr. Bogue was ill at the time, or he would have prevented it. I saw the poor old man quite recently; he is broken-hearted, but so patient and resigned."

Beatrice scarce heard the last sentence. It was of Christopher she was thinking, not of his father. "Where is he now?" she asked. "Papa said he was wounded in the battle that took place when we were in Italy."

Then Lady Hinchinbrook told the story. She was astonished at the effect it had upon Beatrice, who threw herself upon a couch, sobbing violently. She soon found a pretext for escaping to her own room, where she abandoned herself to the painful reflections which crowded upon her mind.

Had she but known the truth earlier, how different her life might have been! It was now not worth living; she had indeed been miserably deceived, cruelly betrayed! The image of the brave young officer rose up before her, as he stood at her side that last evening, pleading in vain for a kind word. Had she not repulsed him so persistently, so rudely, how happy she might have been! How she could have loved him, the only man who could have realized her ideal! But it was too late; she had been taught to consider him unworthy of her, and urged to marry one who was proved to be a swindler and a thief; now he had the reward of his patient heroism, and to her he could never be more than an ordinary acquaintance, a friend, perhaps, if he had not completely forgotten her!

When she recovered from her agitation, Beatrice resolved she too would be brave and generous. She knew Gertrude, she had admired and loved her, and she doubted not she deserved the happiness which had fallen to her lot. She would write and congratulate her, and tell her own sad story to her kind and sympathizing friend.

Beatrice did write, and her letter reached Vevay by the same post which brought Dr. Bogue's epistle. It was read in silence by Gertrude, but her husband observed that it brought a flush to her cheek and a cloud to her brow. Gertrude had guessed what the letter did not say. Christopher made no remark at the time, nor did he mention the Parrs, contenting himself with stating the upshot of Dr. Bogue's communication, and consulting the Abbé as to the course he ought to pursue. The old priest's advice was soon given: to abide by his former decision, and leave the avenging of his wrongs to Providence. Had not Christopher an abundant share of all the good things a man can desire in this life—a good position, wealth, happiness, a charming and accomplished wife, to whom he was sincerely attached? What more did he want? Why, then, involve himself in an uncertain law-suit, when he might add to all the merit of showing mercy and forgiveness? And so the matter was settled, in accordance with the old man's counsel.

On leaving the breakfast-table Gertrude wandered to the vine-clad terrace, and sat down upon a rustic seat, gazing at the lake and the fair scene stretched out before her, but not seeing it, for her thoughts were busy with a dark and dreary theme. The mountains, the wooded slopes, the lake and azure sky, seemed to rejoice—a great jubilee of nature; but a shadow lay over her young heart. Was her husband's heart in another's keeping? When he read the letter and heard that Beatrice was still free, would painful regrets arise within him at the thought of his old love? Perhaps his ever-increasing kindness to herself, his love and affection, would now turn to cold reserve and indifference, if not to a positive aversion. Perhaps she would trace in his altered demeanour his disappointment. But no, he was too generous for that. But at least she would have the painful consciousness that there was another preferred to her, and, dearly as she loved him, more dearly every day, she lamented her own precipitancy in taking him for her husband at the bidding of another. Presently a step was heard, and Christopher coming up, seated himself at her side.

"What is the matter? Have you had bad news?" he asked kindly.

Gertrude gave him the letter, watching him anxiously as he read it, and was greatly relieved to see a smile creep over his countenance.

"Poor Beatrice!" he exclaimed, "after all, it serves her

almost right. She worshipped gold, like her father, but she was too good for that scoundrel: I am glad he did not get her. Suppose you ask her to come and stay here a little. I daresay she feels her altered position very keenly."

He kissed the hand she put out to take the letter, and the cloud vanished from his wife's face, and a great weight seemed to be lifted from her heart. Christopher was not prodigal of his caresses, and this little action told her she had no reason to fear Beatrice as a rival.

"What a lucky fellow I am!" soliloquized Christopher as he strolled away, rolling a cigarette. "I could never have made myself civil to those vulgar old Parrs. I was caught by Beatrice's pretty face, but I do believe I should have been tired of her ere the honeymoon was over, whereas now I have a little jewel of a wife, and besides"—his eye unconsciously wandered to the pretty villa before him—"the jewel has a very satisfactory setting."

Beatrice did not come to Vevay. Her aunt fell ill, and she remained to nurse her, and on her death found that all Lady Hinchinbrook's little property was left to her. We may take leave of her here. It is enough to say that the softening influences of disappointment and sorrow changed the headstrong, wayward girl into a thoughtful, tender, generous woman.

Sir Walter Cummins did not escape the vengeance which Christopher generously refused to execute. When Dr. Bogue's disclosures became public, he fled the country. The last that was seen of him was when he came back in disgrace and poverty to upbraid his mother with her guilty kindness, and to endeavour to extort from her, almost with threats, money to supply his wants. What a terrible nemesis for the fond mother who had sacrificed her duty to God and man for the sake of her spoiled and petted boy!

It only remains for us to say a final word about our hero's chivalrous companion-in-arms in the regiment of Prince Rudolph Lancers, the young Marquis de Villefranche, who, as our readers will remember, gallantly interposed to save Lorenzo Pescara on the battlefield, and fell, struck down by Max von Stahremberg's sword. Happily the wound did not prove fatal; whilst at the Court of the Queen of Calabria, Max met his friend again, and was surprised to find him no longer an aspirant after military glory. Touched by the grace of God, he had determined to consecrate himself to the more immediate service of God in the

ranks of the priesthood. The reader may perhaps be glad to hear that his ambition in this respect has not been disappointed; he is now a professor in the College where Christopher intends to send his sons, as soon as they are old enough. Their father is not without hopes that they may once again make the name of Breakspere as illustrious in the future as it was in ages that are past.

THE END.

Reviews.

I.—IRISH CATHOLICS UNDER CROMWELL.¹

ARCHBISHOP MORAN'S *Historical Sketch of the Persecutions of Irish Catholics under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritans* should be read by every Englishman, and if we, Englishmen, after reading it, are not ashamed of ourselves, we must be lost to shame. Nor can we flatter ourselves by laying all the blame on Cromwell and the Puritans, for putting aside the fact that, Puritans or not, they were English, the English Monarch and the English Parliament, on the Restoration, confirmed by the Act of Settlement the English robbers in their ill-gotten possessions and set their seal to the impoverishment of the Irish Catholics. It is a wonder that Catholicity has not been extirpated: it is indeed a wonder that when the Catholics in the diocese of Dublin, in 1657, had been reduced to 3000, there are now after two hundred years of almost uninterrupted persecution, well nigh 390,000 Catholics in that diocese (p. 49).

Three parties, to speak generally, are concerned in the events related by Archbishop Moran: the English Royalists, the English Puritans, and the Irish Catholics. The English monarchy had thrown off its allegiance to the Holy See, what wonder that its subjects should throw off their allegiance to itself? The English monarchy had created Anglicanism by Act of Parliament in opposition to the protestation of the English Church, what wonder that Anglicans should drift away into Puritanism? Both Royalists and Puritans persecuted the Catholics: the Catholics took part with the Royalists rather than with the Puritans, as the less bad of the two: but when it served the turn of the Royalists to provide for their own security at the expense of the Catholics, the latter were left to the tender mercies of Cromwell and his myrmidons, and extirpation was the order of the day.

¹ *Historical Sketch of the Persecutions of Irish Catholics under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritans.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

The Parliament party, writes Lord Clarendon (*History*, i. 215), had grounded their own authority and strength upon such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Roman Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation—and more especially to those of the old native extraction, the whole race whereof they had upon the matter, sworn to extirpate.

As early as December 8, 1641, an Act was passed in Parliament to the effect that the Catholic religion should never be tolerated in Ireland;² and in order to carry this Act into execution, the Lords Justices issued the following order to the commander of the Irish forces :

It is resolved that it is fit his Lordship do endeavour with His Majesty's forces, to slay and destroy all the said rebels, and their adherents and relieves, by all the ways and means he may : and burn, destroy, spoil, waste, consume, and demolish all the places, towns, and houses, where the said rebels have been relieved and harboured, and all the hay and corn there, and kill and destroy all the men there inhabiting able to bear arms (p. 21).

The Lords and Commons of England enacted October 24, 1644, that "no quarter should be given to any Irishman or to any Papist born in Ireland." War has its horrors and men are disposed to make allowance for great horrors on the ground that they are committed in war, but when the war is waged in cold blood against those whose only crime is loyalty to God and King and Fatherland, the murders committed in war become more detestable, because they are perpetrated under the mask of legalized injustice. So Pilate crucified our Lord: so England decimated Ireland.

Archbishop Moran's History first describes the reduction of the chief cities in Ireland which were held by Catholics and Royalists for the King, and by Catholics for the Faith. It is a harrowing repetition of the same courage and endurance in the Catholics; the same trimming policy of the Royalists; and the same diabolical hatred of the truth, masked by religious fanaticism, of the Puritans. We have in so many different chapters the narrative of the fall under the Puritan power, of Dublin, Cashel, Cork, Drogheda, Wexford, Kilkenny, Clonmel, Waterford, Limerick, Galway. There was one principle on which the Puritans acted, *Delenda est Ecclesia Dei*.

In Dublin Sir Charles Coote, Senr., one of the ringleaders of Puritanism in Ireland (whose career closed in 1642), made no exception in the barbarous orders of the soldiery when they

² Rushworth's *Coll.* p. 455.

were let loose on their bloody hunts amongst the Irish Catholics (p. 25). When appointed by the Lords Justices to the command of the Puritan troops in Dublin, he swore on a naked sword and musket placed on the table before him that he would not desist from prosecuting the war until the Irish were destroyed (p. 38). The Royalists in 1647 under Ormonde treacherously betrayed Dublin to the Puritans and left the Catholics who had fought for the King, in the lurch: by public edict it was commanded that all "Papists" should quit the city: it was death for Catholics to exercise their religion within the walls of Dublin (p. 42). On October 25, 1656, instructions were given to the Mayor of Dublin, to "take effectual measures to remove all the Papists that might be then dwelling in the city, within forty-eight hours after the publication of the order (p. 48).

The chapters which record the treatment of the Catholics in other cities mentioned above are full of similar cold-blooded barbarities, diversified with accounts of the heroic charity of many of the sufferers. For the pillage of the Cathedral of Cashel and the heroism of its Archbishop, Dr. Walsh: for the plunder and banishment of all who adhered to "Popery" in Cork: for the massacre in St. Peter's Church at Drogheda: for the slaughter of three hundred women at the market cross in Wexford: for the martyrs of Killkenny: for the heroism of Hugh O'Neil at Clonmel: for the heroic defence of Waterford, the *Parva Roma* of the sixteenth century, and the zeal of Bishop Comerford; for the labours of the missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul in Limerick and the prediction of the Saint, that the blood of these martyrs [the Catholics slaughtered by the Puritans] would not be forgotten before God but sooner or later produce an abundant harvest of Catholicity (p. 196); for the nine months' siege of Galway and the *rabid detestation* of the Catholic priests and the plunder of the Catholic citizens: we must refer our readers to the work itself of Archbishop Moran.

The way in which terms were kept by the Puritans when once their adversaries were in their power may be illustrated by one instance among many, in the case of Newry A.D. 1641. A pamphlet published in London in 1662, *A collection of some of the massacres, &c., committed on the Irish in Ireland, since October 23, 1641*, tells us:

The burgesses and inhabitants of the town of Newry, meeting the English army on their march to besiege the castle of the said town, were received into protection and after quarter given to the garrison of the said castle, the said inhabitants, to the number of five hundred and upwards,

men, women, and children, were brought on the bridge of Newry and thrown into the river and such of them as endeavoured to escape by swimming were murdered.

There is much to learn from Archbishop Moran about the "planting" of Englishmen in Ireland with possession of the estates of Irishmen: and the *transplanting* of the Irish from their homes of possession into waste and poverty in Connaught: about the sale of Irish as slaves to Barbadoes: about the oath of abjuration and the noble conduct of the inhabitants of Cork in rejecting it: there are accounts of wholesale massacres, and of the perseverance of individuals to the death: and there is finally the *Act of Settlement* by which it is proved that God's truth and God's Church are hated alike by Puritans and Anglicans.

2.—A PHILOSOPHICAL CATECHISM FOR BEGINNERS.¹

This is a very little book, but a very important one. It is the first attempt to put forward Catholic philosophy in modern language, to translate the technicalities of the schoolmen into the phraseology which has grown up of recent years in English-speaking countries. It is, moreover, a bold attack, and a most successful attack, on the fundamental fallacies of modern scepticism and half-scepticism, and furnishes the Catholic student, and still more the Catholic teacher, with an answer to the chief philosophical heresies of the day, all in a nut-shell.

Professor Mivart's Catechism, however, is not merely subversive of error. It puts forward clearly and incisively, as far as the condensed form of the arguments admit of, the groundwork of true philosophy. The first few pages treat of certitude, its ultimate criterion, and its various motives and causes. From this it passes naturally to the external world, its reality, and the correspondence between things as they are, on the one hand, and the impressions we receive of them and the intellectual "ideas" we derive from them, on the other. Our author dwells with wise persistency on the trustworthiness of our senses and on the correctness of the information we gain by means of them respecting things outside of us. The error, almost universal in non-Catholic philosophy, of identifying universals with generalized images present to our material imagination, is shown to

¹ *A Philosophical Catechism. For Beginners.* By St. George Mivart, Ph.D., M.D., F.R.S., &c. London: Burns and Oates, 1884.

be false, inconsistent with facts, and belied by consciousness. The excellent summary of the powers we share with the animals and of those which distinguish us from them, will be found most useful. The remaining sections are ethical and theological. They contain a beautiful little treatise on Free Will and on God's existence, and the Catechism ends with ten solid advantages of true philosophy.

Several remarks occur to us as we read and re-read this most admirable little book. The first is that it is necessary to *re-read* as well as to read it. It will not be either understood or appreciated by the cursory reader. Our first perusal left us in a rather confused state of mind. We felt like one who has eaten a great deal more nutritious food than he can digest. It was only when we took question and answer one by one, thought over them, and read them in the light (if it can be called a light) of the prevalent errors of the day, that we were able to realize the amount of truth and wisdom these forty-seven pages contain, or how successful they are in catching the point of the sceptical difficulty and showing it to be unfounded. Next, we cannot praise too highly the *completeness* of the work. Perhaps it may seem absurd to call a work complete which sums up philosophy in a few pages. But we mean that Professor Mivart has set before himself a certain most useful task, and has carried out his purpose to its completion. That task is to refute in the narrowest possible limits the fundamental errors of non-Catholic philosophy, and to state the fundamental principles of true philosophy, and this he has done most successfully and completely. Any one who has really mastered this little abstract will be in possession of an antidote to a great deal of the plausible nonsense which usurps to itself the name of modern philosophy and science. It is only one who is versed in modern systems who will see the drift of all that is contained in Professor Mivart's Catechism; but he who is familiar with them cannot fail to notice the skill and ability with which the author has forgotten none of the pitfalls most dangerous to the student.

There are one or two expressions here and there which we should have wished otherwise. The application of the word "agnostic" to all who assert the relativity of human knowledge may be fundamentally true, but is not sanctioned by modern usage. To say that "every dog *is* a soul," is we think going a little too far, and we cannot agree with Professor Mivart, that "it is less incorrect to speak thus than to say that a dog *is* a body,"

especially if the opinion is a correct one that the soul of brutes is not only essentially dependent on matter, but actually educated from its potentialities. Both expressions seem to us equally incorrect and false. The definition of time, "an abstraction from abstractions, the endurance of all the endurance of enduring things," will perplex the "beginner," and will not convey a very clear idea to the more advanced student. In one or two other places we cannot help thinking that the Catechism presupposes more familiarity with technical terms than will be found in ordinary beginners.

It is especially as a statement of fundamental principles on which they can rely, that we heartily recommend this little Catechism to our readers, and we recommend them not only to *read*, but to *study* it line by line and paragraph by paragraph. We hope that it is but the vanguard of a more elaborate treatise. Professor Mivart tells us in the Preface that the concise statements of the Catechism may easily be expanded so as to meet inquirers, but we venture to remark that no one can expand them so satisfactorily as Professor Mivart himself.

We must not conclude without a specimen of the style in which the Catechism is written. We cannot imagine a more clear or beautiful statement of the proof of God's existence against the modern agnostic than the following :

I. What do you judge as to the nature of the eternal absolute First Cause, and how do you judge of this?

T. I judge the cause from its effects. Nothing can give that which is beyond it, nor could a universe with intellect and moral perception, have had a first absolute cause which was not both intelligent and moral. No one gives that which he has not got.

I. But do you not degrade the First Cause in speaking of Him and thinking of Him in merely "human" terms. Is not that "Anthropomorphism?"

T. If we refuse to make use of "human" terms we have but the animal, vegetable and inorganic worlds from which to take our choice of terms, and if we take the best of these three we shall fall into *zoomorphism*, which would be absurd indeed. The most rational method is to employ the highest conceptions we can, acknowledging all the time their utter inadequacy and removing from them all the imperfections we can remove. Thus we get the conception of a divine personality.

Let the reader master these two paragraphs, and he will find in them an answer to the most serious difficulties of modern agnosticism.

3.—INFLUENCE OF RELIGIONS ON NATURAL DEVELOPMENT.¹

M. Desgrand's work on the influence of religions on the economic development of nations has for its central idea a great and important truth, namely, that the economic and social progress of Europe, and the advantages that European nations have won over the peoples of the East are largely due to the influence of Christianity. The Divine law of labour, the equally Divine law of charity, and the spirit of faith, of trust in God, of self-control and self-denial, all these Christianity has given to Europe, and all these are powerful agents in promoting a nation's progress even in material things. It is on this fact that our author insists, and he points out that the lesson it conveys is one of warning. He asks with reason how much of her present progress would Europe maintain if the infidel spirit became that of a dominant majority through all the West.

M. Desgrand's central thesis is as true as it is important. The method of treatment by which he seeks to prove and illustrate it is a most interesting one, namely, that of comparing the influence of the various religions of the world on the industrial and economic character of their professors. But we are very sorry to say that the execution of the work does not at all come up to its conception. There is far too much of loose general statement instead of argument from definite facts, and there are many inaccuracies, and these often of such a kind as to shake the reader's confidence in the writer, even when his main argument is sound. We are sorry to have to say this of a Catholic work so well conceived and directed to so high an aim, but the Catholic critic has the duty of enforcing on Catholic apologists the necessity of close argument and scrupulous accuracy of statement, if any effect is to be produced in the hostile camp of rationalism, and if Catholic readers and students are to be furnished with trustworthy weapons.

Take for instance the chapter on Brahmanism. In the first place the number of its professors is understated. The number given 140,000,000, is, if we do not mistake, based on the Indian census of 1871. Now that census included only British India and Mysore. None of the other native states were included in the returns, and they count in their population some 60,000,000,

¹ *De l'influence des Religions sur le développement économique des peuples.* Simple Etude. Par Louis Desgrand, Président-Fondateur de la Société de Géographie de Lyon. Paris : Librairie Plon, 1884.

mostly Hindus by religion. M. Desgrand more than once speaks of all India as Bengal, one might as well talk of Europe as "Spain." In the same loose way he speaks of *la fertilité du sol, la beauté du climat, l'abondance des eaux d'irrigation* in India, but all this is only true of certain districts. India is more like a continent than a country in its variety of soil and climate, and over tens of thousands of square miles irrigation is a painful and difficult work. To speak of the *indolence séculaire de l'Hindou*, is an exaggeration. We owe it to Hindu industry that India is the abode of men instead of tigers, and India has developed native industries that have survived even attempts at systematic suppression on the part of Europeans. If the Parsi is to be compared with the Hindu, as is done (p. 41) to the disadvantage of the latter, the comparison should be made between the Parsi and the corresponding trading class of the Hindus, who have always carried on a close competition with the Parsis.

What is much more important, the influence of caste in checking industrial development, is exaggerated and indeed misrepresented. Caste taking the form of something like trade-guilds has had much to do with developing and preserving whatever industries India possesses. M. Desgrand is very unfortunate in his quotation from the "Vedas" at p. 42. This summary of the duties of the four castes is not found in the Veda. It is really rather a free translation of a well-known passage of the first book of the Laws of Manu, its only connection with the Veda being that the central idea of the creation of the castes is taken from the Purushasukta in the last book of the Rig-veda. This mistake is no slight one, for Manu is at least ten centuries later than the Veda, and indeed is probably later than our era. To take the assertion that all things belong to the Brahman as representing a practical maxim in Hindu law, and to argue that therefore none of the lower castes could have any motive for exertion in the production of wealth, is very unsound reasoning. Such maxims only assert the Brahman's right to generous alms. In fact the Hindu labourer has been much more kept back by plunderers in time of war and usurers in time of peace than by any exactions of his priests. Again it is a mistake to suppose that caste is so rigid a system as to cut the low-caste men off from a rise in wealth and civilization, or from great industrial enterprises. Many of the native princes of India are the descendants of low-caste men,

Vaisyas and Sudras have often risen to be the counsellors and generals of native states ; in a narrower sphere, there are whole provinces in India where nine-tenths of the village headmen are Sudras, sometimes of such low caste that they have to sit at a respectful distance from the little council over which they preside. To say as M. Desgrand says, that if Lesseps had been born a Brahman or a Rajput he could never have executed any great engineering works for the world, is to give a very misleading illustration. How many of the public works of India, executed before the English conquest in Hindu states, are the work of Rajput kings and their Brahman ministers ! So too it is misleading to represent agriculture as under a curse, and kept back by public opinion. The lines quoted from Manu do not prove this, indeed taken by themselves they prove nothing. Some of the minor mistakes of this chapter are no doubt due to the printer. The founder of the Brahmo-Samaj appears as *Keshut-Chundersen*. M. Desgrand speaks as if he thought he were still living.

We are sorry to have to point out so many errors, but inaccuracy of this kind makes an argument worthless even though the conclusion is true. We need not analyze the succeeding chapters. We must note however that M. Desgrand has a curious way of talking of such religions as Hinduism and Buddhism "Churches" (*Églises*). Certainly neither of them is an organized unity, and both include sects whose practices are as degraded and whose doctrines are as chaotic as those of the savage tribes of whom M. Desgrand speaks rather oddly as of people without an *église* or a revelation, and representing the "professors of natural religions."

4.—AUXILIUM PREDICATORUM.¹

Works on Scripture are much needed now-a-days, and we are glad to welcome the admirably conceived and admirably executed *Auxilium Predicotorum*, two volumes of which have just issued from the Press. The author is the Passionist Father, Father Pius Devine. His plan is to publish the Gospel in short pieces, each followed by a few exegetical notes ; after which are

¹ *Auxilium Predicotorum*, or a short gloss upon the Gospels, with hints as to their use in sermons. By the Rev. Pius Devine, Passionist. Dublin : M. H. Gill and Son. Vols. i. and ii.: St. Matt, St. Mark, St. Luke.

placed headings for sermons on the subjects treated in the passage under discussion. The plan is, as far as we know, new, and will prove very useful to our parish priests. Here they will find ready at hand suggestive headings for sermons on the important truths, and on practical points, all drawn directly from the Gospels, with various useful suggestions and hints. The exegetical notes are very good, and will give information on numberless little difficulties which occur to one studying closely the Gospel narrative.

For practical handiness we rather wonder that the author did not arrange the Gospels in a Harmony, and thus comment on all together. But after all he is but following the general practice, and perhaps it is more convenient for the end he had in view. It is quite a pleasure to use these well-arranged and well-printed volumes. The notes are short, clear, and practical; while the plans for sermons are also very suggestive and very complete; all important points of doctrine and practice are put forward in turn; and repeated often in proportion to their importance. The danger in a book of this sort is always lest conciseness should lead to want of clearness, *brevis esse labore, obscurus fio*, and we notice here and there sentences which it is not easy to grasp the meaning of. This happens especially in the points for sermons and in some of the notes, as for instance the note on Abiathar (vol. ii. p. 23) is very obscure. We also notice a good many misprints and clerical errors—phrasaism, *χυπος*, dimintuntur *αντον!* occur within a few pages, and Greek accents are simply murdered. We rather demur to the prudence or truth of describing the effects of dancing as follows: (1) it creates luxury, (2) is the origin of ill-assorted union, (3) of many rash promises (vol. i. p. 5). Such a sweeping assertion casts a quite unfair stigma on an amusement perfectly innocent in itself.

These outlines are, if sometimes a little severe, very practical, and come home to the needs of daily life. Some are inserted apparently rather from desire to benefit the clergy reading them than from any real wish that they should be delivered from the pulpit, as they touch on the duties and more common short-comings of the preacher. We are glad to notice that the questions of the higher calls to the priesthood and religious life are frequently touched upon. How many useful workers are lost to our active orders of men and women because the very possibility of carrying out such a call is hardly suggested to the soul. We hope that this book may by God's blessings help our hard-

worked priests to a fuller use of the inspired Word in their sermons, and to a more careful preparation of their instructions. We are glad to see that after the completion of the volumes on the Gospels, the Epistles are to be treated in the same way. These works will do much to bring within the reach of all the stores of matter gathered up in the works of Lohner, writers like Faber, and in the tomes of the great commentators.

5.—PARISH REGISTERS IN ENGLAND.¹

This very interesting little work, first published as an article in a Review some twenty years ago, has been so entirely recast and enlarged, that it is rather a new book than a second edition of an old one. Its very touching dedication to Lord Emly and Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and the concluding words of its Preface, tell us that it is the result of work done in the intervals of pain, the recreation of years of suffering. But in the book itself there is nothing to betray this, and it shows in every page the fruit of wide and careful reading and untiring research.

The parish registers of births (or rather baptisms), marriages, and deaths, are a comparatively modern institution. Mr. Waters tells us that they owe their introduction to the wisdom of Cardinal Ximenes. In 1497 he ordered that in every parish in Spain a record should be kept of all baptisms, with the names of the sponsors, the object of the law being to prevent false pleas of spiritual relationship being urged as matrimonial impediments. From Spain this law was introduced into the Low Countries by their Spanish rulers, and in 1538, Cromwell, as Vicar-General of Henry the Eighth, who had seen the working of the system of registers abroad, introduced it into England by a royal decree, which ordered the keeping of registers of marriages and deaths as well as baptisms. In 1539 the registration of baptisms was established in France, and in 1563 the Council of Trent made the registration of marriages as well as baptisms a law of the Catholic Church.

We need not follow further the history of parish registers, which is told concisely, yet with all necessary detail, in Mr.

¹ *Parish Registers in England, their history and contents, with suggestions for securing their better custody and preservation.* Attempted by Robert Edmond Chester Waters, B.A. A New Edition. Rewritten throughout and enlarged. London: F. J. Roberts, 1883.

Waters' pages. We cannot, however, lay the book down without selecting some specimens of the extracts from English registers, which, with our author's explanations to make their meaning clear, form not the least interesting part of a very interesting book. In the older registers, and indeed until quite recently, instead of filling up a set form, with colourless and uniform entries, the clerk or parson noted births, marriages, and deaths with the addition of such details as he believed would interest a future reader—sometimes adding his own opinion, not always a very complimentary one, of the parties concerned. He would also enter in the parish register any local occurrence, which appeared so unusual as to deserve permanent record, and thus the register contained the annals of the parish. Unfortunately this very liberty in the manner of keeping the record led to many irregularities. Imperfect entries are frequent, and there are even long periods when the record fails altogether, either because the clerk has not copied his rough notes into the register, or because the book itself has been injured or destroyed.

In 1597 the Convocation of Canterbury ordered all the paper registers in the province to be copied into parchment books for their better preservation. This order was extended to the whole kingdom in 1603. The oldest register books now extant are usually transcripts made in pursuance of these orders. In some cases the older paper-books have been preserved, and a comparison with the transcript often brings out some curious facts. Thus :

The growth of Protestant sentiment in the interval between 1538 and 1597 is illustrated by the transcriber's omission of prayers and pious supplications for the souls of the dead.

STAPLEHURST, KENT.—When the register was recopied, the words printed between brackets were left out of the transcript.

" 1543, Dec. 31. There was buried John Turner the elder [whose sowle Jesu pardon. Amen].

" 1545, June 6. Buryed the sonn of Thomas Roberts the younger, called Henry [upon whose soule I pray God have mercy].

" 1548, Sept. 11. Buryed James Bragelond, an honest man and a good householder [whose soule Jesu pardon and bring to eternal rest]" (p. 10).

Every page of these transcribed registers is signed by the minister and churchwardens of the year in which it was made. This has led some incautious local historians into rash state-

ments as to the longevity of the clergy of the sixteenth century. Thus in Duncomb's *History of Herefordshire* we read :

Robert Barnes was vicar of Bromyard eighty-two years, as his name appears during the whole of that period in the parochial registers, and one of his churchwardens filled that office from 1538 to 1600.

The Civil War left its mark on many of the parish registers. Here are some entries of the period from Mr. Waters' collection :

ROTHERBY, CO. LEICESTER. "1643, Bellum ! 1644, Bellum ! 1645, Bellum ! interruption ! persecution ! . . . Sequestration by John Mussen, yeoman, and John Yates, taylor ! 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, Sequestration ! Thomas Silverwood, intruder."

ST. MARY'S, BEVERLEY.—"1643, June 30. Our great scrimmage in Beverley, and God gave us victory at that tyme, ever blessed be God." 1643, July 30. "Thirteen slaine men on ye King's party was buried.

All our lives now at ye stake
Lord deliver us, for Christ His sake."

Mr. Waters notes that, contrary to what one would have expected, the typical Puritan names occur less frequently in the registers under the Commonwealth than at an earlier period, and he gives examples, amongst them a child christened "Repente," as early as 1599. He adds some interesting information about the family of "Praisegod Barbone":

It is almost certain that *Praisegod* Barbone, the most conspicuous member of the Parliament of 1653, received his name at his baptism, for he is so named in the books of the Leathersellers' Company of London, when he took up his freedom on Jan. 20, 1623-4: but the godly names of Cromwell's saints were for the most part names of adoption. Thus *Praisegod*'s brother styled himself *If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-shouldst-have-been-damned* Barbone, which was abbreviated by the profane to *Damned* Barbone (p. 18).

There is many a grim story briefly summed up in the parish registers of deaths. Executions are duly chronicled. On August 8, 1592, the clerk of St. Nicholas, Durham, briefly notes the hanging of five poor wretches "for being Egyptians"—i.e., wandering about in gipsy fashion, contrary to the Act, 5 Eliz. c. 20. On August 21, 1650, we have a record of the hanging of nine thieves and *sixteen witches* at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The entries relating to witchcraft and witches are, it seems, very numerous. Here is another entry of an execution :

ST. OSWALD'S, DURHAM. "1590.
" Duke Hill Hogge Holiday } iiiij { Seminaryes Papists Treytors and Rebels } to hyr Majes- tye } were hanged and quar- tered at Dryburne for there horrible offences the 27 day of May."

Their only "offence" was their priesthood. Mr. Waters tells us that local tradition affirms that Dryburne brook, which flowed near the gallows, was miraculously dried up on the day of their triumph. He adds from the Newcastle Corporation accounts the bill of charges for one of these executions of priests for treason. We quote it here, because its cold-blooded details bring out more clearly even than any highly-wrought description, the suffering and indignity inflicted on our fathers for their faith :

Paid to a Frenchman who did take out the Seminary priests bowels after he was hanged, 20s.; for coals which made the fire at the execution of the Seminary priest, 6d.; and for a wright's axe which headed the Seminary, 4s. 6d.; for a hand-axe and a cutting knife which did rip and quarter the Seminary priest, 14d.; and for a horse which trailea him from off the sled to the gallows, 12d.; for four iron stanchels, with hooks on them for hanging of the Seminaries four quarters of four gates, 3s. 8d.; for one iron wedge for riving wood to make the fire on the moor, 18d.; and for a shovel to the fire, 2s.; to a mason for two days' work, setting the stanchels of the gates fast, 10d. a day, 20d.; for carrying the four quarters of the Seminary priest from gate to gate and other charges, 2s.; for fire and coals for melting the lead to set the iron stanchels of the gate fast, 8d.

Names and titles are strangely distinguished at times by the parish clerk's weakness in spelling. We select the most interesting instance, and add our author's apt comment :

KIRBY MOORSIDE, YORKSHIRE. "1687. Georges Vilaus Lord dooke of bookingham, bur. 17 April."

This rude ill-spelt entry of his burial supplies the last finishing touch to Pope's well-known description of the neglected death-bed of the "Great Villiers."

But we must be content with these extracts, though there are few pages from which one might not be made. Many of these notes from registers throw light on old customs, or give us contemporary glimpses of now famous events, or tell strange things in stranger language. There is just one note we

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wish had been omitted, for it is a pity to find in this most readable book a passing shot at "the Ultramontane clergy," to which many of its readers will take exception.

6.—THE PROTOTYPE OF MAN.¹

What are the laws of proportion according to which the Author of Nature has framed the human body? In presence of so many races and varieties of men; above all, in presence of so many abnormal types induced in process of time by disease, by peculiar modes of life, by vice and by ignorance, it is not easy to give an accurate answer to such a question. The Greek artists devised a law of human proportion which is still used in the fine arts. In more recent times, we find, among many others, Albrecht Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, Bramante, Ghirlandajo, Michael Angelo, Giotto, the Frenchmen Le Brun and Poussin, the Dutchman Van Hoogstaeten, the Englishman Flaxman, endeavouring to frame a system which should express the natural proportions of man, and serve as a practical guide for artists. Yet nothing more accurate and useful than the Greek Canon was arrived at; more knowledge only seemed to render the problem more complex and consequently more obscure. Dr. Rochet, the author of the work of which Dr. Carter Blake has now given us an excellent English translation, professes to have at last arrived at that great desideratum of science and art. In his *Prototype of Man* he describes at length, with the help of illustrations, twenty fundamental rules which he considers to be of an adequate expression of the natural proportions bestowed by the Creator upon the typical man. He thus admits, to use the words of his translator, that "the principle of subordination to an originally conceived pattern, fixed by a force extrinsic to the tendency to vary in both species and individuals, is the dominant law operating in the formation of the human body."

Whilst recognizing the relative excellence and usefulness of the principle of the Greeks, the author declares, however, their application of it to have been erroneous, inasmuch as in their measurement of the total height of men, they did not include

¹ *The Prototype of Man, giving the natural laws of human proportion in both sexes.*
By Charles Rochet. Translated by C. Carter Blake, Doct. Sci., Foreign Associate of the Anthropological Society of Paris. London: Baillière, Tindall, and Cox.

the feet, but stopped at the heels. In his system, the head is the principle of unity of all the measures of the body, so that eight heads represent exactly the height of the typical man, measured down to the extremity of the feet. Three heights of the head give the trunk; two heights of the head give the thighs (including the knees); lastly, two heights of the head give exactly the legs when the feet are included.

Other very interesting measurements are to be found in this work, such as that of "the man in a square," "the man spread out," "the man lying down," "the man sitting," "the man kneeling," &c.

The work concludes with a summary of the author's elaborate researches on the typical height of man and woman, among the races of modern Europe. Dr. Rochet, after forty years' study as a Lecturer at the Sorbonne and at the School of Fine Arts in Paris, must be acknowledged to be an authority on this subject, and Dr. Carter Blake has done real service in thus introducing *The Prototype of Man* to English readers. The last words of the Author's Preface are characteristic of the man and of the spirit which animates him: "I place," he says, "this modest handbook under the patronage of those who love study for the sake of study, science for the sake of science, and truth for the sake of truth."

7.—PETLAND REVISITED.¹

We have all of us in times past made so many and such pleasant excursions into Petland with our old friend Mr. Wood, that we are only too willing to re-enter its charmed precincts at the invitation of so agreeable and accomplished a cicerone. He has told us so much already about the lower animals, their structure and their form, their habits and their habitations, their character and their capabilities, their virtues and their vices, from the lordly lion down to the insignificant insect, we have heard so many tales about familiar friends and foreign faces, that we wonder there is anything left to tell. But Mr. Wood has lived so long in close and constant companionship with animals, that his fund of knowledge respecting them appears inexhaustible. The present volume does not deal with

¹ *Petland Revisited.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1884.

natural history, but consists of a collection of entertaining and instructive anecdotes about dogs and cats, as well as more unconventional pets. The first chapters written twenty years ago, relate the foolish freaks and funny feats of a favourite cat who was treated with a consideration and respect which would have gladdened the heart of the ancient Egyptian. That "Pret" who was provokingly ingenious in insinuating himself into places where he had no business, and whence he could obtain no egress, should have been neglected one day, and left several hours without meat or milk, is a calamity worthy of record, and a fault calling for tearful remorse. In fact we are inclined to think Mr. Wood, who certainly possesses in an unusual measure the sympathy which is a magic key to the hearts of irrational as well as of rational creatures, somewhat underrates the chaos which yawns between the two. His object of this book, he tells us in the preface, is "to demonstrate the mental and sympathetic connection which, though so little known, exists universally between man and beast;" and that if those who occupy a different position in the scale of creation could meet "upon an equal footing" they would "all blend together and unite in the more comprehensive nature of man." Although Mr. Wood is a minister of religion, we venture to remind him that man was made to God's image, destined to attain to God's image, and to enjoy the vision of God for ever. Perhaps his kind heart and love for the brute creation makes him at times forget that no real comparison can ever be instituted between them and us.

We are aware that many qualities and mental powers lie dormant in the lower animals until called forth by training and the companionship of man, but the following account of singular and preternatural cunning and acquired powers of thought displayed by a confirmed sheep-killing dog, would appear incredible, were it given on a less trustworthy authority than Mr. Wood's.

A dog which was a great favourite of his owners and regarded as of thoroughly irreproachable training, was charged by some neighbours with worrying sheep at night. The family rebutted this charge on the ground that the dog was fastened into their kitchen at night, and was never let out until the servants came down in the morning. The farmers, however, persisted that they knew the dog well, and had seen him going from the sheepfold, though he managed to escape them. When this was urged so strongly as to make it imperative to take

some further steps, one of the daughters volunteered to sleep in the kitchen and watch the dog's behaviour. When they made up the bed the dog seemed very restless and strange, but by-and-bye he settled down, and all was silent. A little after midnight he got up, came to the bed, and sniffed about until he had satisfied himself the lady was not awake. Then he leaped into the window seat, lifted the catch of the shutters and opened them, then he undid the latch of the window, which he opened and then disappeared.

After a long interval he came back, closed and fastened the window and shutters, and finished by licking his own feet, and the marks he had left by springing on the floor. To the terror of the seeming sleeper, he now came and closely scrutinized her; but she kept still, and he at last crept off to his own bed.

As soon as she heard the servants stirring, the lady rose softly and slipped through the door. But the guilty dog had marked her. He sprang up and made a dash at her with most undisguised fury, for he saw that his secret was discovered and his character blasted by one whom he now regarded as a hateful spy. Fortunately she got the door fast shut in time, and at once alarmed the house. But the dog was now so furious that no one dared go into the kitchen, and at last a gun was brought, pointed through an aperture, and he was shot dead.

In another case, a dog was used to slip off his collar at night, and worry sheep for some hours. When he came back, he used to wash his bloody nose and face in a brook, put on his collar again, and lie down to sleep as if he had never left his kennel (pp. 162, 163).

Every one knows that animals are capable of feeling intense jealousy with regard to human things, but one would hardly believe an insignificant sparrow would have shown as much passion as an anecdote given of him proves him to possess.

A lady had some years ago a sparrow which was exceedingly affectionate towards her, and soon developed a jealousy that threw Othello into the shade. No living creature could approach his mistress without being assaulted, and as he always flew at the nose, the attack was not at all agreeable. The bird would not even allow the maid to dress her mistress' hair. He used to sit on the dressing-table, so that, by means of the mirror, he commanded a view of the door. If the unfortunate maid should enter, the sparrow would shriek with rage and fly at her, driving her for refuge behind a wardrobe.

Once the lady was presented with a pair of the then fashionable "owl-head" earings. But the sparrow would not allow her to wear them. He thought that they were birds (?) intruding on his domains, and determined to exterminate them. She had just put one of them into her ear, when the sparrow screamed with jealous anger, flew at the earring, and pecked and dragged at it until he succeeded in pulling it

out of the ear. Then he flew with it in his beak to the dressing-table, on which he banged it till he was quite sure that it was dead. Then he hopped off with his dead foe in his beak, and buried it under a pin-cushion (p. 264).

Pets are sometimes terrible *pests* even to their owners, and worry them sadly. Mr. Wood tells us of a lady who brought up a beautiful young leopard, with sweet caressing ways, and as playful as a kitten. But it had a large appetite, and always chose to be hungry in the night-time. And as often as it was hungry it began to howl so pitifully and so loudly, that its mistress could get no rest, and was perforce obliged to get up and feed the ravenous creature with warm milk, which it used to suck out of a sponge. Porcupines too, are strange pets, yet we read of a gentleman who kept two of these restless, ill-tempered creatures, and managed to attach them strongly to him.

The story of the captive butterflies, which were tamed and kept for the astonishingly long space of a year and a half, is graceful and uncommon, but unfortunately too long for quotation. The lady who bestowed so much pains upon these volatile creatures seemed to have found them capable of affection, gratitude, and fidelity, to judge by her words—which be it confessed, savour somewhat of transcendentalism.

One day after a heavy thunderstorm, we found the inanimate form of a yellow butterfly upon the window-sill. I took it up lovingly, and did my best to revive it; for I believed it to be the material form of my own beautiful Pysche, who had sought refuge from the storm, but found the window closed. Of this I cannot be sure, for all our efforts to restore her were in vain. The wondrous essence that had given it life, beauty, motion, affection, and memory, had returned to the hand of its mighty Creator, and with Him let it rest (p. 301).

Among the many pets I have loved and lost, few have endeared themselves to me more than my butterflies (p. 297).

Is not this stretching the “Divine law of universal love” to its utmost limits?

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE Orphanages established at Jerusalem by FF. Theodore and Alphonse Ratisbonne are familiar to many of our readers, and most have, moreover, heard of the miraculous conversion of the latter at the Church of S. Andrea delle Fratte in Rome. Those who wish to know more about this most wonderful instance of God's mercy will do well to read the Panegyric of Father Ratisbonne lately translated from the *Annales de Notre Dame de Sion*, and published in pamphlet form.¹ It gives a rapid and most interesting sketch of the life and labours of this remarkable man. Originally a devout and bigoted Jew, he was, like St. Paul, brought in an instant to a knowledge of the Truth by a miraculous vision. For some years after his conversion he was a member of the Society of Jesus, and subsequently joined his brother, the Abbé Theodore, in his work for the conversion of the Jews in their Holy City. We learn from this Panegyric that the Jews are flocking in large numbers to fix their abode at Jerusalem. The number there has tripled within ten years, and Turkey has striven in vain to prevent it. This makes the Œuvre of the Orphanages all the more important, and we hope that this eloquent sermon, sold as it is for the benefit of the Orphanages, and having the recommendation of a Preface by Lady Herbert of Lea, may be widely circulated.

A pamphlet on Freemasonry, written by a Belgian, is not likely to deal very gently with the sect. In Belgium, until the late elections, the lodges were masters of the country, and insultingly proclaimed their triumph, which they hoped would have permanent results through the action of the education law. The writer of *Les Maçons-Juifs*² deals mainly with the history

¹ *In Memoriam. The Very Rev. Father Marie-Alphonse Ratisbonne.* With Preface by Lady Herbert. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co., 1884.

² *Les Maçons-Juifs et l'Avenir, ou la tolérance moderne.* Louvain: Fonteyn, 1884.

of Masonry in connection with that idea of making all religions equal before the law, which in practice has come to mean excluding Catholicism from the school, teaching a new religion of State manufacture, and substituting for Christian morality, a code of rationalistic moral philosophy. He also gives not a little attention to the share of the Jews in the organization of Freemasonry, and the propaganda of indifferentism. Their part has undoubtedly been a large one. Altogether in little more than a hundred pages the author throws much new light on the history of Freemasonry. He does not give his name, but it is evident that he is a ripe historical student. His critical examination of the claims to authenticity of the so-called Masonic Charter of Cologne, dated 1535, is a useful contribution to this special subject. He clearly shows that the document is spurious; and this is worth noting because Claudio Jannet and other Catholic writers on Masonry have accepted it as genuine.

The little fortnightly periodical³ issued to the members of the Third Order by the Franciscan Fathers of Glasgow, has, since last May, contained the first portions of a series of lives of the Saints, Beati, and holy men and women of the Three Orders of St. Francis, the work of Father Antonine Scannell, O.S.F. The lives are arranged under the days of the year, on which those they celebrate are commemorated. So far we have only the opening days of January. This is the first attempt that has ever been made to bring out the lives of the Franciscan Saints in English in a complete series. There is certainly something thoroughly Franciscan in the way in which they are published, for they are so cheap that even the poorest can obtain them. The only fault that most readers will find with many of the lives is that they are so short, but this is a fault on the safe side. We trust the reverend author will be able to bring his work to completion, and to see his Franciscan lives reprinted in a form better fitted for a permanent place on the shelves of a library. In its present shape it would extend to a very long range of such little volumes as the one before us.

*A Manual of the Catholic Religion*⁴ is a popular catechism translated from the German of the venerable American mis-

³ *Third Order of St. Francis. Lives of the Franciscan Saints, Blessed, and other remarkable persons.* By the Rev. F. Antonine Scannell, O.S.F. Vol. I. Glasgow: P. Donegan and Co., 1884.

⁴ *A Manual of the Catholic Religion for Catechists, Teachers, and self-instruction.* By the Rev. Father F. X. Weninger, D.D., Missionary of the Society of Jesus. Seventeenth Edition. New York: P. O'Shea, Publisher.

sioner, Father Weninger. Its special merits, the author tells us, consists in unity of plan and the co-ordinate use in demonstration of Church tradition and Holy Scripture. In the latter respect especially we note a very full use of the Fathers, the General Councils and Church history. We may add that the answers given to Protestant and infidel objections are clear and sufficient, and that the book has the high advantage of being based on a former Latin work of the same writer, *Summa Doctrinae Christianæ* which was commended by His Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth as calculated "to instruct youth in the purest principles of the Catholic faith."

A new edition of *Catholic Belief*⁵ has just been issued, prefaced by a well merited word of praise from the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who calls it "one of the most complete and useful manuals of doctrine, devotion, and elementary information for the instruction of those who are seeking the truth." Every one who has used it has learnt from experience how true these words are. For converts, or ill-instructed Catholics, it is admirable, and even those who fancy that they know their religion well, will find in this admirable book much that they did not know before, and yet which no Catholic ought to be ignorant of.

The Third Order of St. Francis ought to prosper and flourish now that it has a zealous advocate and friend in him who sits in Peter's Chair. We hope and expect to see it extend itself far and wide during the present pontificate, and the English translation of Father Bertinus' Manual⁶ is most seasonable. The Rule of Life (pp. 37, 38) is admirable, most prudently avoiding impossible or impracticable restrictions in what is innocent, but at the same time so ordering the life of the Tertiary that he who keeps to it must needs make continual advance in virtue. The Manual commences with an account of the institution of the Third Order by St. Francis in 1220. Its first member was the Blessed Lucchesio, a merchant of Tuscany. Within fifty years it had spread all over Europe. It numbers in its ranks many great saints, St. Louis of France, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It has continued to flourish for over six hundred years, and it flourishes now as much as

⁵ *Catholic Belief.* By the Very Rev. Joseph Faa di Bruno. Fifth Edition. London : Burns and Oates.

⁶ *Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis.* Its History and Short Explanation of its Rules. From the French of Father Bertinus, O.S.F. London : Burns and Oates.

ever. The Indulgences attached to it are almost innumerable. A list of the principal of them is added as an appendix to the Manual.

The struggle between the Church and secularism for the possession of schools and scholars is not going on in Europe and America only, but has long since reached the antipodes. We have recently received from Australia a pamphlet by a vigorous and able defender of the Catholic cause in the colony of Victoria, Sir W. H. Archer, in which he gives details of the contest between denominational and godless education which is going on there. A commission has been sitting on the question of Government aid to religious schools, and in the absence of the chairman, who was in favour of the endowment of denominational schools, passed, by a majority of one, a resolution (p. 33), "That no school belonging to a denomination should be recognized as capable of receiving any monetary advantages from the State." Against this attempt to destroy Catholic schools, Sir W. H. Archer, who was a member of the commission, loudly protests, and appeals to the Catholics of Victoria to be up and doing, in words which we hope will re-echo in the ears of English Catholics, and of the Catholic Union of Great Britain. "You must agitate, ardently, persistently, agitate, agitate, agitate, for your holy cause." We recommend the perusal of this pamphlet⁷ to all Catholics interested in the all-important work of Catholic education.

We are glad to see an English reprint of Father Lambert's *Notes on Ingersoll*,⁸ which have had already in America a circulation of over fifty thousand. Father Lambert takes the infidel lecturer point by point and assertion by assertion, and shows how his "points" are mere flippant quibbles and his assertions unfair and untrue. He encounters with manly boldness his shallow blasphemies and cheap ridicule of Christianity. Now that Ingersoll's Lectures are sown broadcast by the Secularists, it is very necessary that the antidote to the poison should be within the reach of all. Every Catholic will be grateful to Father Lambert for his admirable notes, and will wish him God speed and a wide circulation in England.

⁷ *The Position of Catholics in Victoria in relation to Public Education.* By William Henry Archer, Knt. George Robertson and Co., Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide.

⁸ *Notes on Ingersoll.* By Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Waterloo, N.Y. Reprinted from the fifth American edition. London: Hodges, Soho Square.

St. George's Cathedral has long been noted for its beautiful music, and Father Reeks has supplied, by the new *St. George's Hymn-Tune Book*,⁹ what was long felt to be a want. Whatever may be the case in Catholic countries, we certainly need popular hymns for the congregation to sing, both for the sake of Protestants and converts from Protestantism, and they cannot be well sung unless the music can be readily procured. For the choirs of missions, both in town and country, this cheap Tune-Book, with its fifty well-selected hymns, will prove a real boon.

There is no people so much given to the making of speeches as the English people, and none so generally careless of the elementary requisites of oratory. In the art of speaking indistinctly, confounding vowel sounds, slurring consonants, marking only the accented syllable of a word and gobbling up all the rest, and in other feats of this sort we have not a rival. In a little pamphlet styled *The Art of Speaking*¹⁰ Mr. Harold Ford has indicated one cause of this. It is too generally granted that men are born good readers or speakers. But mere natural untutored eloquence and quickness of apprehension can never alone make men good readers or speakers. This truth—*orator fit, non nascitur*—is duly set forth by Mr. Ford, whose neatly printed little pamphlet will be found to contain much sound practical advice, given with modesty, simplicity, and directness. If the principles he lays down were better attended to, we should have fewer complaints of the acoustic defects of our public edifices, secular or ecclesiastical, and the public speech would cease to be what it too often is at present, mere noise—*vox et præterea nihil*—conveying to a great portion of the audience no articulate sound. We sincerely hope the present brochure is only the first of a series we may expect from the pen of Mr. Harold Ford.

The scene of the *Smuggler's Revenge*¹¹ is laid among the snow-clad plains and dark forests of Norway. The plot is ingenious and somewhat intricate, and the reader will not feel inclined to lay it down until he has read to the end. The title-page announces that it is "designed chiefly for the amuse-

⁹ *St. George's Hymn-Tune Book.* Compiled by Rev. Joseph Reeks. Price 1s. 6d. London: Burns and Oates.

¹⁰ *The Art of Speaking, or the Principia of Vocal delivery.* By Harold Ford, Lecturer on the Art of Elocution at St. Bede's College. John Heywood, Deansgate and Ridgefield, Manchester; and at Paternoster Buildings, London, 1883.

¹¹ *The Smuggler's Revenge; or, The Lost Child of Lanemarken.* Translated from the German of Gustav Nieritz by Lady Lentaigne. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1884.

ment and instruction of youth," and it certainly will prove attractive to children of every age. The adventures and sufferings of the lost child, and his ultimate restoration to his family and friends, are romantic and almost sensational. The moral tone is good. Wrong-doing is throughout placed in a repulsive light, and although the villainy of the man who is the author of all the evil in the tale apparently succeeds for a time, vengeance, though slow, overtakes him in the end, and he meets with condign punishment sufficient to satisfy the most ardent lover of justice. We will not sketch the story. We do not wish to spoil it for our readers.

Messrs. Benziger's *Catholic Home Almanac*¹² has a very wide circulation in America both in English and German. It has a coloured frontispiece worthy of being framed, and contains quite a crowd of interesting little stories, all of them beautifully illustrated. We hope that it may find its way into the shops of Catholic booksellers in England, as we feel sure that it would have a large sale and be appreciated alike by old and young.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Katholik* for September calls attention to the immense difficulties which the colossal dimensions of our great cities place in the way of those who are intrusted with the care of souls. It is impossible for them to keep pace with the extraordinarily rapid increase to which the principle of centralization has led, or to preserve those who flock to the towns from the corruption which pervades the moral atmosphere of these over-crowded centres. Whole strata of the population are removed from religious influences; extraordinary efforts are therefore needed to reach them, and to rescue the hundreds of souls that are yearly lost to the Church by contact with heresy and irreligion. As a means of grappling with the evil, the *Katholik* suggests the division of large and over-populated parishes, the re-arrangement of dioceses, and uniformity in externals, such as the use of the same catechism and hymn-books, the same rules for fasting and the celebration of feasts on the same days, throughout each land, that the unity of the Catholic Church,

¹² *The Catholic Home Almanac for 1885.* Price 25 cents. Benziger, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

which so much impresses unbelievers, may be apparent in non-essentials. There is so much at present to depress and discourage in the condition of the Church in Prussia, that the *Katholik* gladly points to a bright spot in the otherwise gloomy prospect—the numerous and successful meetings of Catholic Associations held in various towns during last August. There was the Society of St. Cecilia, for the cultivation of a taste for good church music, which met in Mayence; the Görres Society, whose aim is to promote science and religion, in Freiburg; the Workmen's Association, whose members mustered strong around their General-President in Cologne; and the Tradesmen's Guild, who held a *fête* under episcopal patronage in Treves; not to speak of a general Congress of the Catholics of Germany at Amberg for the discussion of the social difficulties of the day. The importance of these meetings may be estimated by the attention bestowed on them by the non-Catholic press.

Dr. Ernst, acting on the principle that one should be just to one's enemies, again writes in defence of the followers of Pelagius, whose errors, he asserts, have been exaggerated by recent writers. On a former occasion he cleared them from the charge of having originated the Nestorian heresy; he now disproves the accusation urged against them of having propagated false doctrines concerning the Evangelical Counsels and works of supererogation in general. The discussion of Wyclif's merits or demerits as a translator is now brought to a close. Dr. Bender proves him to have issued a translation of the Gospels, wilfully and wittingly garbled and falsified to support his own erroneous teaching, manipulated in so dexterous a manner as to make it appear that the temporalities of the clergy are unlawful, unjust, and condemned by Scripture—his object being to excite discontent among the people. And when his work was proscribed and burnt, he posed as a martyr, and represented himself as persecuted for having translated the Scriptures, not prosecuted for having translated them incorrectly.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (Nos. 823 and 824) points out two dangerous tendencies which are apparent on the part of Italian Catholics: the one is to drop political differences, even the question of the Temporal Power, in order to rally all Conservatives to stay the rising tide of Radicalism. The other, akin to it, is a movement in the direction of compromise and conciliation between the Catholics and the Liberal party. This

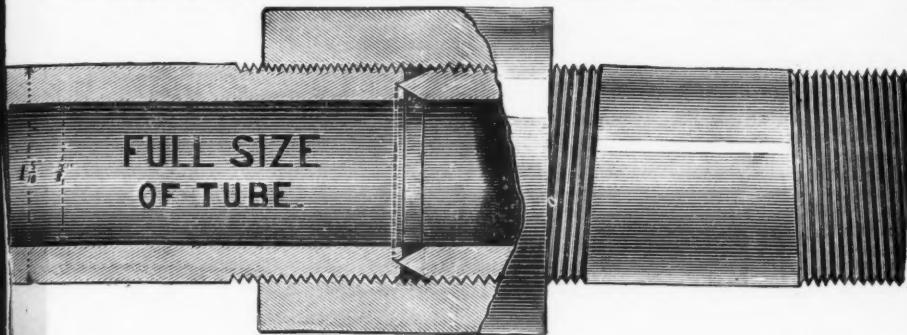
is manifest in the active part taken by Catholics in the municipal and provincial elections, which the disintegrating force of Parliamentarism has not been able to do away with. The outbreak of Asiatic cholera to a greater or less extent throughout almost the whole of Italy, forms the subject of an article, in which it is described as a scourge of God, sent to avenge His outraged justice, and to call to the remembrance of men who are engrossed with temporal interests, the solemn thought of the life to come. Materialists may scoff at this view of the matter, but while they refuse to see the supernatural hand which wields the scourge, they are humiliated by it, and forced to acknowledge it to be their master, since modern science is at a loss to discover any natural cause or effectual remedy for the disease. The eternity of matter is discussed in a philosophical article, the conclusion arrived at being that it is impossible for a finite intelligence to decide the question, for it belongs to the infinite Creator alone to declare whether the world He created was created in time or from eternity. In several previous numbers of the *Civiltà* the internal constitution of the Church, her nature, her prerogatives, her essential qualities, have been ably and clearly expounded; her external rights are now taken under consideration, the first being her territorial rights. These are universal, not that she claims possession of the soil, or political dominion, but she claims to govern her subjects throughout the world, to exercise her jurisdiction over the hearts and the actions of the faithful, to preach the truth to the heathen, the partially enlightened, and the heretic: to propagate the faith without hindrance or restraint. Amongst other articles is one on the *Regesti* of the Vatican, and one on the intellectual decadence of Italy as exemplified by the debased style of the novels of the present day. The breath of the Revolution, like the wind of the desert, has brought sterility and death to the literary life of a nation once unrivalled in the world of *belles lettres*.



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